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VII—9

THE

POLYANTHOS.

VOLUME V.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Dr. Johnson.

Me in silvam abstrudo densam atque asperam...*Cicero.*

Boston:

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WINTER-STREET.

1807.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

APRIL, 1807.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE *REV. SAMUEL STILLMAN, D. D.*

IT can hardly be expected that the biography of a clergyman should afford much variety. The incidents of his life are commonly few, and the sameness of his duties leads to a sameness of employment. To such ones only, therefore, can it be interesting, whose minds are formed to contemplate goodness of heart with sensations of pleasure, and usefulness of life with emotions of approbation. If any look for other entertainment than this, it will not be found in the sketches of those men's lives, who, confined within a limited and humble, though useful and honourable sphere, seek only to act well their part in that post of action where Providence has seen fit to station them.

Such was the situation and such the labours of the late celebrated SAMUEL STILLMAN, D.D. the subject of this short memoir.

He was born February 27, 1737, in the city of Philadelphia, of parents, respectable for their virtues, and of the Baptist persuasion. At the age of eleven years he was removed with them to Charleston S. C. and received the rudiments of his education at an Academy in that place, under a Mr. Rind, a preceptor of consideration there His mind being seriously impressed, he resolved to enter upon the gospel ministry; and, after some preparatory studies, under the Rev. Mr. Hart, a respectable Baptist clergyman of that city, he was ordained there, February 26, 1759, and settled at James Island, a most pleasant situation, opposite the city. Soon after, he visited the place of his nativity; and, on the 23d of May, the same year, he was married to Miss Hannah Morgan, daughter of Evin Morgan, Esq. merchant in that place. He also took his degree at the University there, and returned to his society at James Island. But he had not continued above eighteen months with his affectionate and united people, before a violent attack of a pulmonary complaint forced his removal to another climate. He accordingly, with his family, fixed himself at Bordentown, N. J. where he supplied two different congregations, for the space of two years. After which, visiting New-England, he officiated one year at the second Baptist Church in Boston; and his

engagements having then expired with that society, he received an invitation to settle with the *first*, and was installed over it January 9, 1765.

In principle, Dr. S. was a Calvinist, and all his sermons bore strong marks of his warm attachment to that system. The natural ardour and strength of his feelings imparted zeal for whatever opinion he espoused, and activity to whatever duty he performed. Yet with all his quickness of perception, and acuteness of feeling, his temper was under admirable control, and he was always a thorough master both of his words and actions.

To the liveliest sense of moral and religious principle, to an understanding naturally good, and handsomely improved by a polite education, he united a pretty fancy, and a taste for some of the finer arts. In the younger part of life he occasionally used his pencil with success, and, had he cultivated his taste for painting, might, probably, have made no inconsiderable figure in the school of Apelles. He was also much attached to musick, and encouraged a fondness for it in his children, though he viewed it as too inconsiderable an accomplishment to occupy any of his own time; yet nothing pleased him more than exhibitions of that kind.

The social feelings of the Doctor were strong, and his powers of conversation such as always pleased; his manners were so captivating, and partook so much of the gentleman, that in private company he was as much esteemed, as he

was popular in his publick performances. His benevolent heart was feelingly alive to distress of every kind, and in contributing to its alleviation in every shape, he was actively useful. We find his name amongst the first members of the Humane Society of this Commonwealth. Of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, he was a useful officer; and of the Boston Dispensary a member from its beginning, and President at his death. The Boston Female Asylum is likewise much indebted to his exertions. He was also an almoner of the private charity of many individuals, who confided in his knowledge and judgment of suitable objects.

His pulpit eloquence and talents were irresistibly powerful; his wonderfully popular and solemn manner would instantly arrest and fix the attention of his whole audience, and afforded him excellent opportunities of rendering his preaching useful. Such opportunities he carefully improved; and many, upon whose minds simple truths would produce no sort of impression that was either serious or lasting, his powerful eloquence has often effectually touched, awakened and reformed. His labours, however, were not confined to the pulpit. In his parochial visits he was as attentive to be useful as in his publick preaching. He was admirably formed to impart consolation to the afflicted, in just such a manner and measure as were wanted. The tears of the mourning saint were wiped away, and the careless sinner became

thoughtful, whenever their different characters were objects of his attention ; and to promote the happiness of them both he was ever ready cheerfully to make the sacrifice of his personal ease and convenience.

Such qualities as these could not fail to ensure esteem. To know and to love the man therefore were nearly synonimous terms ; and even where he was personally unknown, his character was still venerated.

Such was his celebrity as a preacher, that there is scarcely any publick anniversary occasion, on which he has not, at one time or another, officiated. The University of Cambridge conferred on him the honourary degree of Master of Arts, in 1761. The college in Rhode Island, of which he was both a trustee and a fellow, in 1788, gave him a diploma of Doctor of Divinity. He was a member of the Federal Convention of Massachusetts the same year, and distinguished himself there, in a most eloquent speech in its defence. His politicks were of the old school—the politicks of Washington and Adams. He was appointed in 1789 to deliver the anniversary oration on Independence, to the town of Boston, which he accomplished in a manner both handsome and acceptable.

His people, to whom he was extremely attached, showed an equal fondness of him. They always sat delighted under his preaching, and felt a *pride* in him, as an accomplished pul-

pit orator, as well as a *love* for him, as an excellent preacher ; and neither of them were diminished by the attention of strangers who visited the town, and were commonly desirous of hearing this celebrated minister before they left it.

The domestick character of Dr. Stillman was very amiable. As a husband, parent, friend, or master, no one could be more beloved, because no one could be more faithful, affectionate and kind, in all these different relations. His domestick trials were great, but his christian patience and submission were equal to them all. He lived to follow twelve out of fourteen of his children to the grave ; five in infancy, and seven of them at adult age ; of whom, three had left rising families. Yet with all his extreme sensibilities his mind lost nothing of its lively confidence, or of its cheerful hope. He had now attained the age of seventy years, when the time of his departure had arrived. His death was sudden, but he was well prepared for it ; and it was probably such as he himself had preferred, could he have been permitted to have made the choice. In one of his discourses, preached on the death of one of his friends in the ministry, he says, "Though we would not wish to choose, or offer to dictate to infinite wisdom, as to the manner of our exit, yet we may be permitted to say, that when good men are suddenly cut down, they avoid the pains and extreme distresses that always accompany a lingering sickness ; and, though we would

not pray, From sudden death good Lord *deliver* us, we would devoutly pray, For sudden death good Lord *prepare* us."

A paralytick shock terminated his useful life and his labours together, on Wednesday, March 11, 1807, at about twelve o'clock at night—esteemed by every one who knew him, respectable for his acquirements, regretted for his usefulness, venerated for his piety, and lamented for his worth.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. V.

I AM singular in most of my opinions, and perhaps in none more so than in my firm belief that modesty highly adorns a woman, and does not in the least derogate from the character of a gentleman. Wishing however to remain impartial, I shall, as requested by 'a friend,' readily communicate the following

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION

(which was never published)

Delivered before the SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING IMPUDENCE,

By SAMUEL SAUCEBOX, Esq.

"There was a time, strange as it may now seem, when a degree of diffidence enhanced merit; when modesty, so far from becoming

an obstacle to advancement, recommended one to notice—a time when Impudence, which is now indispensable, was a stranger even in the fashionable world. One cannot look back to those days of darkness and ignorance without astonishment; nor reflect but with conscious pride and pleasure upon the rapid advances man has since made in improvement. The reflection to me affords proof almost demonstrative, and I think must as firmly convince every thinking being, that the doctrine of human perfectibility is true, and that we are rapidly advancing to perfection. Our forefathers, modest souls! would sit quietly till men discovered their worth, and wait patiently till they rewarded it. So far from praising themselves, they would actually blush when praised by others. They never intentionally injured the reputation, *soiled the clothes*, or wounded the feelings of any one; and I am told, though I can scarcely credit it, that they could not stare a modest woman out of countenance, nor tell a lie, without trembling! The young treated the more advanced with respect, and generally in their intercourse with each other a due attention was paid to rank and station. Yea, farther, such was the pernicious influence of prejudice and early impressions on the mind, that the few, who nobly dared to sound the trumpet of *self-commendation*, were either totally disregarded or treated with the most marked contempt.

But Heaven be praised! the human mind is at length freed from the shackles of Modesty.

The empire of Impudence is rapidly extending, and, we trust, will be as permanent as it is extensive. It must give pleasure to every enemy of decorum, it must gratify every lover of licentiousness to hear, that among the votaries of Impudence, may be found the wise, the wealthy, the honourable, and *the fair*—that the standard of Modesty is deserted, except by a few superannuated maiden ladies who yet *pretend* to adhere to her.

Though you, my brethren, early attached yourselves to the cause of Impudence, and have uniformly and warmly evinced the sincerity of that attachment both by words and deeds, it may not be improper on this occasion, briefly to state the privileges of impertinence, and the embarrasments to which Modesty would subject us.

As Modesty is a kind of distrust of our talents, and diffidence of our powers, it necessarily deprives one of that energy and presence of mind, which is so useful in many, if not most of the situations of life. *We may be wise*, but Modesty will prevent an adequate use of *that wisdom*. *It is inconsistent* with a proper improvement of talents, even if we possess them. On the contrary, Impudence frequently gives a fool all the profit as well as show of learning, and you may often see a man of sense vanquished by the *mere impertinence and loquacity* of a shallow-pated antagonist.

Again, in the most common occurrences of life, Modesty experiences mortifications and

suffers impositions, which Impudence never dreams of. She must generally either stand till she is tired, or sit at the footstool of her successful rival. She is entirely excluded from fashionable society, since the Ladies dislike to be seen with her, and the Gentlemen always leave her with disgust. She dares not appear at places of amusement, and at church is confounded by the scrutinizing stare of the numerous sons of Impudence. When at home, she is neglected, when abroad, insulted. In short, to such a degree is she harrassed in this age of refinement, that she must either voluntarily leave polished society or shortly die with a broken heart.

To illustrate this idea still further, it may be well to mention a few of the many embarrassments and impositions to which a modest man is necessarily exposed—He is undoubtedly a *shocking bore* in all companies; for if he be foolish (but by the way we seldom meet a modest fool) his modesty renders him ten times more ridiculous; and if he be wise, he either dares not show his sense or is so awkward in his attempts at wit, that all mistake him for a fool. At the theatre he is generally obliged to resign his proper place to some brazen-faced fellow, who has no right in the box. At a tavern he has to submit to the worst *accommodations*, and to pay a most extravagant bill. If he walk his friends laugh at him, and strangers shove him into the gutter. If he ride, he gets the

worst horse the stable can afford, and is charged *only* double price. If he form a good plan, some impudent rogue reaps the advantage of it, while he is patiently waiting a *proper* opportunity for putting it into execution, &c. &c. The enumeration of such impositions would be endless ; suffice it to say that, go where he will, do what he will, he finds Modesty the most expensive as well as the most uncomfortable dress he can wear.

Can we then, my brethren, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on our emancipation from the dominion of Modesty. Can we reflect upon our freedom without feeling strong emotions of gratitude and admiration. Let that day be consecrated to endless fame, which witnessed the complete and glorious triumph of Impudence. Let us early instil into the minds of our children those principles which have hitherto so firmly attached us to her cause, that we may reap the fruits of their impertinence in our old age. And after *boldly bustling* through this vale of tears, may we, when death shall *rudely* advance to end our career, by our *insulting grin* convince him that we are indeed the sons of Impudence.

L . . .

Boston, April 14, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 3.

Φλυαω και φλυαω.

To obtain a personal view of those personages who have conspicuously figured on the theatre of human action, is, I believe, a desire common to all. Is the interesting personage living, how eagerly do we hasten to the church, the theatre, the mall, or the exchange, to catch even a faint glimpse of the Patriot, honoured by his country, ; the Orator, distinguished for the sublime and beautiful ; the Author, admired for his wit and learning, or the Beauty and the Hero, alike famed for conquest ! Have the objects of our sympathy or admiration been dead for years or ages, how grateful it is to view a statue, a portrait, a coin or seal, which afford some faint idea of their lineaments, or to glean from the fields of literature, after the harvest of the historian.

To those who think with me, and who have read or been present at the representation of Rowe's tragedy of 'Jane Shore,' some memoranda of that eminent martyr to meretricious pleasure may not be unacceptable,

JANE SHORE.

Shakespeare, in his first scene in Richard the third, has put the following sarcastick sketch of

this celebrated beauty into the mouth of the tyrant :

We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue.

In the year 1593, Michael Drayton, an English bard, published a work entituled, 'England's Heroical Epistles ;' these epistles are in humble imitation of Ovid. Drayton seldom rose above mediocrity as a poet, and these epistles are not among the most excellent of his labours. The learned Selden has, fortunately for this writer's fame, enriched his work with annotations ; and although Drayton is neglected as a poet, he is idolized and immortalized by the antiquarians.

One of these heroical epistles is styled,

EDWARD IV. TO JANE SHORE.

According to the fashion of that day, the epistle is preluded with

AN ARGUMENT.

" Edward the fourth, bewitched with the report
Of Mistress Shore, resounded through his court,
Steals to the city, in a strange disguise,
To view the beauty *whose transpiercing eyes*
Had shot so many—which did so content
The amorous king, that instantly he sent
These lines to her whose graces did allure him,
Whose answer back doth of her love assure him."

As the royal writer was a *lover*, it would be rash to look for a very correct description of the lady's beauty in the epistle itself, especially as it is made to appear to have been written whilst he was wooing the fair one to frailty and love; for, as our old friend Geoffrey Chaucer ryghte cunninglie plaineth,

"Whenne lustee youthe to love incline,
"They blinken ay with bleered eyne."

But there is one compliment in the epistle so truly gallant, that I publish it for the benefit of our city beaux in Boston and New-York, whose fine speeches, I am told by the young ladies, have become of late, 'wearisome, stale, flat and unprofitable.'

"If thou but please to walk into the pawn,
To buy thee cambrick, callico, or lawn;
If thou the whiteness of the same would prove,
From thy far whiter hand pluck off thy glove;
And those which by as the beholders stand
Will take thy hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand."

Now, with a little variation, would not this very courtly compliment apply to a lily hand examining laced muslin upon a William's-street or Cornhill counter?—The monarch concludes his tender epistle in the usual style of love letters ancient and modern, by assuring her that he was sickening, dying, and what is worse, *starving* to see her—

Till when these papers, by their lord's command,
By me shall kiss thy *sweet and dainty hand.*

THE PORTRAIT.

A pair of Lovers from SELDEN's *annotations upon Drayton's Heroical Epistles.*

JANE SHORE.

Two or three poems written by sundry men have magnified this woman's beauty; whom that ornament of England, and London's more particular glory, Sir Thomas More, very highly hath praised for her beauty, *she being alive in his time*, though being poor and aged. Her stature was mean, *(middling)* her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye grey, and delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white and smooth; her countenance cheerful and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of her, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under one arm, over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known; but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard the third, causing her to do open penance in Paul's Church-Yard, command-

ed that no man should relieve her ; which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

I suspect from the eulogiums in the epistle, and the attitude of Mistress Shore in the picture, which was doubtlessly adapted to exhibit her beauty to the greatest possible advantage, that her *hand*, or, as the king more gallantly styles it, '*her sweet and dainty hand*,' was the most perfect of her personal charms.—What do *you* think Ladies ?

EDWARD IV.

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous and very amorous, applying his sweet amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather ; which was so well known to Lewis, the French king, who, at their interview, invited him to Paris, that, as Comencus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit ; by which means Edward was disappointed of his journey. And albeit princes whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable, yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the court in those times ; for certain it is that his shape was excellent, his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to appear more delectable, though

the smallness of his eyes, full of shining moisture, as it took away some comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of understanding and cruelty mingled together. And indeed George Buchannan (that impetuous Scott) chargeth him and other princes of those times, with affection of tyranny; as Richard the third manifestly did.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. VI.

"Undique collatis membris."

LITERARY JEALOUSY.

It has been said that envy is only the offspring of little minds. This has been repeated from age to age; but it is one of those popular prejudices which are not the less false, because they are of a more remote date. Of literary jealousy, to select instances were difficult, because of their abundance. Why does Plato never mention Xenophon, and why does Xenophon inveigh with bitter crimination against Plato, and studiously collect every little report which may detract from his fame? They wrote on the same subject! Why did Swift and Milton treat with contempt the rhymes of Dryden? Why did Corneille, tottering on the

grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advise the author never to write another? Why does Voltaire continually detract from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon? Why was the admirable La Fontaine not even mentioned by the French Horace in all his works? Why must posterity lament that the name of Young is to be found in the Dunciad of Pope? Why did Boccaccio, in sending to Petrarch a copy of Dante, make an apology for it? and why did the latter, in his answer, speak coldly of Dante's merits?

It is difficult to repress our indignation at this envy of writers, who should look for that support from each other, which is sometimes unjustly denied them by the world. In contemplating on this subject, we are struck with the same horrour, as if, looking into a nest of doves, we beheld vipers hissing at each other.

DR. JOHNSON AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

It is well known that Johnson's Dictionary was first published in two large folio volumes, and cost him seven years almost incessant labour. When every difficulty had been surmounted and the work was nearly completed, Lord Chesterfield proffered his patronage. He published in the 'World,' two papers, recommending to the publick the work and its author. The following is the celebrated letter of Dr.

Johnson in reply. It is manly, yet severe. It exposes the meanness of a great man, celebrated for his enchanting address, while it evinces an independence of spirit and consciousness of worth, which poverty cannot subdue; it is sufficient proof that persevering genius will rise, and shine with unborrowed light.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield.

February, 1755.

My Lord,

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the 'World,' that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours of the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish, that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* that I might obtain that regard, for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once adressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly

scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little. Seven years, my Lord, are now past, since I waited in your outer rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I had never a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or be unwilliing that the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappoined, though I conclude it,

if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obedient Servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LOUIS XIV.

MERITS the love of posterity. The genius of his people, not his own, inspired him with attempts inimical to the rights of mankind. When this monarch is deprived of that false glory which his adulators have thrown around him he will appear to advantage, placed in the softer light of those hours, which he devoted to the society of those great men whom his splendid patronage had formed. Numerous anecdotes of this monarch, are eternal testimonies of his intellectual powers and his fine taste. He loved the conversation of Boileau and Racine. He was not a mere auditor ; he admired them with exquisite sensibility, and animadverted on them with just criticism ; and we know that he detected several errours. The eye that could catch a Boileau and a Racine tripping, it must be confessed was of no ordinary quickness. Several of these royal conversations have been recorded. It is honourable for the satirical bard, that he had the boldness frequently to speak his sentiments freely ; and what is still more honour-

able, his majesty did not dislike his frankness. I give the reader one or two interesting anecdotes, relating to these two poets.

It is well known, that when Boileau read one of his epistles, in which are these fine verses, describing the emperour Titus,

'Qui rendit de son joug l'univers amoureux ;
'Qu'on n'alla jamais voir, sans revenir heureux ;
'Qui soupiroit le soir, si sa main fortunée,
'N'avoit par ses bienfaits signalé la journée'—

his majesty was enchanted, and made the poet repeat them thrice. At that moment, perhaps, he proposed Titus for his model ; such was the force of poetry ! The next day, he gave orders for war ; such was the power of politicks ! When the satirick bard, for the first time after the death of Racine, paid his respects to the king, Louis received him with affection. He sympathized in the loss ; and added, in pulling out his watch, 'Remember, Boileau, I have an hour for you every week.'

I add one more anecdote, which brings us into his apartment. When the French Augustus was one day confined to his chamber, he sent for Racine. The poet read with grace ; and his majesty asked him to take up some book. A life of Plutarch was proposed. The king objected, because of its old French. 'Will your majesty permit me try a life ?' said Racine. The king consented. Our poet took down a

volume of Amiot, and turned his obsolete language into a beautiful style. Louis was in raptures; he rose, and embraced the poet.

BROOK, RIVULET, STREAM, RIVER,

Are synonymous, says Mrs Piozzi, in her 'British Synonymy,' so far as relates to poetical use; but Mr. Locke shows us how to separate them in conversation, and how they really separate by nature, when he tells us that, '*springs* make little *rivulets*, and these united form *brooks*; which coming forward in *streams*, compose great *rivers*, that run into the *sea*.' Dr. Johnson, whose ideas of any thing not positively large were ever mingled with contempt, asked of one of our sharp currents in North-Wales—Has this BROOK e'er a name? and received for answer—Why, dear sir, this is the RIVER Ustrad. —Let us, said he, turning to his friend, jump over it directly, and show them how an *Englishman* should treat a *Welch* RIVER.

CALM, SERENE, TRANQUIL, PEACEFUL, QUIET, STILL.

Mr. Addison has been censured—says the same authoress—and not unjustly, for giving the two first epithets to his angel—

Calm and serene, he drives the furious blast—

because, says the critick, those words being strictly synonymous, the poet has in this too

much celebrated simile been guilty of unpardonable tautology—yet are the words not merely misapplied, or rather applied unluckily, than ill—for if in far inferiour verses you should read that

When CALM the winds, SERENE the sky,
Our thoughts enjoy TRANQUILLITY;
Through the STILL hours when PEACEFUL night
Doth man to QUIET rest invite—.

we should discover in these lines, however flat and insipid, no glaring fault of the same kind, although their brevity brings all the accessory words crowding together, Perhaps, indeed, as adverbs they may have a closer affinity—yet I see no reason for it; to use them as adjectives seems the more obvious sense, and then they harmonize well enough.

AUGUSTUS CESAR.

We are told that Virgil was afflicted by an asthma, and Horace by a fistula lachrymalis. When Augustus was placed between them, he used to say, not unpoetically, 'I am now between sighs and tears.'

This lover of the art, aspired to become an artist: he wrote a tragedy called *Ajax*; but had the good sense to perceive, that if born to be an emperour, he was not born to be a poet. One day he effaced with a sponge the whole tragedy; when it was enquired after, he wittily

answered, 'Ajax is dead: he has swallowed his sponge;' alluding to a mode of death practised by the Roman gladiators, who frequently in despair swallowed their sponges.

THE following lines from Cowper's Translation of Homer, present a scene replete with horrour and dismay. There is no person,—says a celebrated critick,—unless he be altogether illiterate and deaf to sacred song, who does not tremble while he reads this passage, and partake with Pluto in his fears lest he should see hell laid open.

Sudden from on high
The Sire of gods and men thundered; mean-time
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook;
Down from her summit to her lowest base
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstarted from his throne appalled the King
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
Through hell proclaimed, lest Neptune o'er his head
Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
Of *horrour*, *thirst*, *and woe*, detested sight
E'en to the gods themselves; with such a sound
The powers eternal into battle rushed.

Il. v. *v.* 56.

IMMORTALITY.

FREDERICK the Great was extremely fond of making the immortality of the soul a topick of discourse, and generally adverted to it, when learned men, whose opinions and principles he was inclined to sound, were presented to him. It was seldom, however, that he allowed any one to differ from him on that point, and it was still more dangerous for any one to attempt to support an opinion adverse to his own. He soon lost his patience, and always confounded his antagonist by some sudden sally, which was seldom couched in the most *gentle* terms. A Berlin academician was once advancing a chain of arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul, when Frederick suddenly interrupted him by exclaiming—'What, sir, you wish to be *immortal?* Pray, what have you done to deserve it?'

WHEN a man of genius displays conversible talents,—says a celebrated living writer,—his conversations are frequently more animated, more versatile, and I must add, more genuine, than his compositions. Such literary conversations may be compared to waters which flow from their source; but literary writings resemble more frequently an ornamented fountain, whose waters are forcibly elevated in artificial irregularities, and sparkling tortuosities.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE character of Oliver Cromwell long exercised the historical talents of European writers Some French academicians have drawn his character with admirable refinement; Gregorio Leti, amuses with agreeable fictions; Raguenet tires with dry truths; at home, volumes on volumes have wearied curiosity. All these writers would persuade us, that he was an artful mixture of the politician and the hypocrite. A single anecdote lets us more into the genius of the man, than this multiplicity of volumes. When he was with some select friends enjoying a convivial hour, a confidential servant enters, and announces a body 'of the Elect.'—'Tell them,' says Cromwell in the language of fanaticism—'Tell them we are seeking for the Lord—These fools think,' continues he, looking under the table, 'that I am seeking for the Lord, while I am only seeking for the Corkscrew.'

Does not this little anecdote at once present us with the artifices of his politicks, and the hypocrisy of his religion?

A MAN of genius consumes one portion of his life in painful studies; another in addressing his labours to the publick, and combating with rivals; in the last inconsiderable remnant of life, he perhaps begins to enjoy that publick esteem for which he had sacrificed its solid con-

solations, his fortune, his tranquility, in a word, his domestick Lares. Amidst the funereal cypress he sees the green leaves of the laurel. He resembles a veteran soldier, who, at the moment he is carried from the trenches in an expiring state, receives the honours of promotion. When once removed from the publick and his rivals, they refuse him nothing.

INSENSIBILITY TO NATURAL IMPERFECTIONS.

Cowley, in his Ode to Wit, has the following ingenious stanza ; which, however, is but a splendid satire on his own witty poetry. He says, Wit is not

——To adorn and gild each part ;
That shows more cost, than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between ;
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars, which paint the galaxy.

It will not be denied, that the indiscreet muse of Cowley wore jewels both at her nose and lips.

Thus also Dr. Johnson, in some admirable verses, censures those writers in whose plays,

——Crush'd by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined ;

From bard to bard the frigid caution crept ;
Till *Declamation roared*, while *Passion slept*.

In the tragedy of Irene it must be acknowledged that 'declamation roars, while passion sleeps.'

Dr. Blair observes of Shaftesbury, 'what is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of *simplicity* ; is always extolling it in the ancients, and abusing the moderns for want of it ; though he departs from it himself as far as any modern whatever.'

HUMAN nature, like a vast machine, is not to be understood by looking on its superfices, but by dwelling on its minute springs and wheels. Let us not then be told, that anecdotes are the little objects of a little mind.

THE following is the translation of a Legend on a coin of Shah Acber—

The Sun—from him the seven seas obtain pearls.
By his rays the black stone becomes a jewel.
By the correcting influence of his beams the mine produces gold—
And that gold is ennobled by the impression of SHAH ACBER.

ANOTHER.

This coin which is the garment of hope
Carries an everlasting impression and immortal name.
Its fortunate front bears this, sufficient for ages,
That the sun has cast a glimpse on it.

EPITAPH

On the tomb of the Dutch Admiral De Ruiter in Syracuse, who was killed in an engagement with the French—

Ter ruit Hispanos Ruiter,
Ter terruit Anglos,
Ter ruit Gallos
Et terruit—ipse ruit.

MODERN EPITAPH.

We may safely challenge all the 'unlettered muses,' of ancient and modern times to produce any thing in the way of epitaph writing, that can be put in competition with the following. It is copied literally from a grave-stone now standing at the door of a stone-cutter's shop in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Natively quick and spry
As all young people be
When God, commands them down to dust
How soon they drop you see.

FRAGMENTS, FROM DR. MOORE.

THE SAILOR.

"I'll give you a shilling, my lad, said I, if you'll tell me who the lady is who came out of that cottage, and stepped into the chaise.— She had struck me by the loveliness of her face, as well as by the elegance and symmetry of her person.

"I would give half a crown myself, to know who she is," answered the sailor.

"I know your generosity, as well as your taste, my honest fellow; and you will oblige me by accepting this half guinea to drink the woman's health you admire so much."

"Thank your honour," replied the sailor. "All the information I can give you concerning the lady who has just set sail, is, that I am sure she is an English woman."

"How can you be sure even of that?" said I.

"Because all your foreign women, were they ever so handsome, have something of an outlandish look, which this lady has not," replied the sailor.

"You have seen a great many foreign women, perhaps," resumed I.

"I have sailed round the world."

"You must then have had great opportunities.—And pray where did you see the handsomest?"

"Why, please your honour, taking them all in all," rejoined the sailor, "I do not know but the handsomest women I ever saw, that is to say, out of England, was during a voyage up the Mediterranean, where I chanced to get a glimpse of some Greek girls, belonging to an old Turk."

"To an old Turk!"

"Yes, very old, please your honour. One might have thought he had no more use for so many girls, than a dog hath for a side pocket, as the saying is. But the sight I had of them, had like to have cost me very dear."

"Those Greek girls, came nearest in beauty to the lady who is just gone, you think?" said I.

"No, please your honour—Nell Smith, of Liverpool, comes nearest in the article of face, which is all I can speak to in respect of Nell."

"You think, then, that Nell Smith, herself, is not quite so handsome as that lady."

"I cannot, in conscience, say she is," replied the sailor; "though for my own part, I would prefer Nell, for old acquaintance sake."

THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

Mrs.—— "Pray who are the parents of this charming boy?"

Old woman.—"The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-

house, to take him to my own house in the country. They told me he was brought there when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman, who said she was not his mother : who was his mother, is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out ; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday ; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from these here times : so this boy's parents must be persons unknown ; but be who they will, I suspect that they were no better than they should be ; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is neither more nor less than an unnatural child ; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs.—— affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices, said, " are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home ?"

" No," answered he, " I don't care."

" Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave ?" resumed she.

" No," replied the boy, " I am not sorry to leave any body."

" What, not those who are good to you ?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," said the boy.

Mrs. —— was touched with the child's answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot and the cruel indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye.

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week."

"Was he your friend?

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

THEATRICAL FRACAS.

"I was quartered," said an Irish Captain, "in a country town, and I happened to go to *Venice Preserved*, with a friend, who is little hard of hearing, and of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud. Just as I was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment," a shopkeeper cried—"Silence!"—"Upon my word, friend," said I, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously,"—"You must not disturb the company," answered he—"I am afraid," said I, "that both you and I disturb the company; and so if you please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The

shopkeeper declined this, and muttered the word *impertinent*. I was reduced to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. The shopkeeper called on me the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him -- we met accordingly. The shopkeeper fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. "Now, friend," said I, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here, if you are not, you may take another shot." He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

CREBILLON.

THIS celebrated tragedy writer was brought up amongst the Jesuits, who, with all their numerous imperfections, were ever, by D'Alembert's own confession, excellent instructors of youth, as they attended no less to the forming of their moral than their intellectual character. They kept a secret register, no less of the dispositions than of the understandings of their pupils. Crebillon was thus described by it:

"Puer valdé ingeniosus, sed grandis nebulo."
"A very ingenious, but a very wicked boy."

Our foolish pedagogues are contented in general if they can flog a little Latin and Greek into the heads of their pupils, without at all attending to form their hearts. At a great school, however, the boys do that for one another, which the master perhaps never thinks of: and, indeed, when one considers what little effect mere lessons of cold and dry morality can have upon young minds, there is the less reason to regret this omission. Were it not, indeed, for practical instructors of conduct and morality, which boys afford to each other, a young man would return from a school as ignorant of what he is to practice in life, as if he had been immured in a convent.

The late excellent provost of Eton, Dr. Barnard, when he was master of Eton school, was perhaps, in most respects, one of the best instructors of youth Britain ever had to boast. He had great sagacity in finding out the characters of his scholars, and great power of ridicule in exposing their foibles, and in making them ashamed of their vices. Children, says La Fontaine, not having their understanding warped by the prejudices of education or of society, have a sagacity much more penetrating and much more formidable than is generally supposed in finding out what is ridiculous or vicious, no less in their master than in their comrades. They know adds he, how to

discriminate and appreciate each other, with an exquisiteness of taste that has occasionally indisposed their masters against them, for being more acute and discerning than themselves. From these circumstances, a young man, brought up at a publick school, is not only likely to be more wise, but to be more virtuous, than another who has received a private education. The mind of one has been more opened by the collisions with those of his colleagues, than the other can possibly have been by the solitary didactick precepts of his pedagogue. The one has found out, by experience, what is honoured or detestable, what is virtuous or vicious; the other has merely been told it, and when he comes into the world is like a physician who had studied the theory of diseases in books, but has never seen a sick room.

A most excellent and indefatigable president of a very extensive seminary of education in England says, that even when he has found a young man, brought up in a private manner, to have had more learning than another, brought up in a more publick manner, he has always found him less able to know what to do with it than the other, who has been educated in one of the conservatories, if we may so call them, with which the environs of London abound: these conservatories, in which they are coddled like plants in a hot-house, which collapse and fade when they are exposed to the open air.

In one of Crebillon's tragedies, he makes a father drink his son's blood upon the stage. The tragedy is that of Alrée and Thyeste. To this play the people of Paris used to flock in crowds. The French seem, after this, to have no right to accuse the English of barbarity and ferocity, in permitting Macbeth upon their stage; and, indeed, after the late real massacres and ferocities of the citizens of that metropolis, they may fairly vie in cruelty with any barbarous nation that has yet appeared upon the face of the earth.

Crebillon, at a very advanced age, and in great pecuniary distress, wrote his tragedy of Cataline. Whilst he was composing it, he was taken ill, and was very near dying: the physician, who but too well knew the miserable situation of his patient, insisted upon having the manuscript tragedy in hand for his fees. Crebillon, with some humour, whilst this request was making, cried out from his bed, in one of the lines of his own tragedy of Rhadomistus,

"Ah, doit on heriter de ceux qu'on assassine!"

"Shall he that murders me become my heir?
"Forbid it Heaven!"

Crebillon had begun a tragedy upon the history of Oliver Cromwell. The French ministry forbade him to go on with it, and some of the scenes are assimilated to his tragedy of Cataline.

A WORLDLING's PRAYER.

BEND a favourable ear, O Lord, to all our prayers; but grant only those of our prayers which thou knowest will be serviceable to us. Have compassion on the errours and blindness of these my brethren, and let not any thought of their hearts be gratified, for all the good things they ask for would prove unto them vanity and vexation of spirit.

Remove far from us all the evils of war. Let those who would oppress us, and despoil us of our property, be driven far away. Let mankind be taught to live together in concord, as becometh children of the same parent; that so there may be no need of soldiers or ships; that the peace of our humble dwellings be no more disturbed by the visits of assessors, and our hard earnings be taken away by cold-blooded tax-gatherers.

Give humility to the poor and beggarly, and make them contented under the allotment of thy providence; that so they may no longer depend for bread upon the scanty gifts of selfish mortals, and that so the poor-taxes may be lessened, and every man pluck the fruit of his own fig-tree without being obliged to share it with others.

Save us, we pray thee, from perishing by fire. Take this great city especially under thy divine protection; and let a particularly large

share of thy regard be bestowed upon the buildings in Third-street, between Vine and Sassafras. Sundry of them, thou knowest, belong to thy servant, and but one among them all is brick.

Have compassion on all those who are sick and in prison. Restore to them, O Lord, their health and liberty; that so they may be able to fulfil all their contracts, and pay their just debts. Have an eye of especial regard to Richard Harris, who is now sick almost unto death. Raise him up once more to be a help and stay to his wife and children, and give him wherewithal to pay thy servant what he oweth him, to wit, the sum of three hundred dollars and sixteen cents, due, with interest thereon, since the fourth instant.

Let thy tender mercy preserve us from all floods and earthquakes. Bear with the sins of this generation a little while longer. Be not wroth with the good people of New-Jersey, and especially with the county of Morris, seeing thy servant has a mortgage on certain lands in said county. But if thy fierce anger will not be stayed, and thou sendest thy earthquakes to overturn the houses and kill the people, let it be so, if it seemeth good to thee; but, we pray thee, shake not the earth too much with thy fearful presence, nor destroy these metes and boundaries of arable and meadow which the law, in good time, may give unto thy servant.

Visit us not again, we pray thee, for our manifold transgressions, with the pestilence; but, if thy fury will not yet be stayed, let the vial of thy wrath be poured out upon us early in the month of July; that so thy servant may have his money's worth of the house that he hired as a place to flee to in a time of need.

If, peradventure, there be any in danger of shipwreck, and likely to perish, hear them when they cry to thee for help. Bethink thee of their wives and little ones, who quake with fear of the tempest; but, if the iniquities of fallen men claim their punishment at thy just hands, and thy anger waxeth hot against my sinful neighbour, Francis Settlesides, do not smite him in his person, his wife, or his children, but blow with thy wind and cause a ship of his, that he lately sent to Port Republican with precious commodities, to sink in the midst of the sea; that so it may never arrive, nor the market be overstocked. But hearken to thy servant's prayer, and let the same wind only hasten the passage of the good ship Flying-fish, whereof is master, *under thee*, for the present voyage, John Strong, which ship belongeth to thy servant, in partnership with Mr. Michael Halliday, of Boston.....Amen.

[*Lit. Mag.*]

SELECT SENTENCES.

He that teaches us any thing we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be reverenced as a master; he that conveys knowledge by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement, will certainly be caressed as a pleasing companion.

There is a kind of men, who may be classed under the name of *bustlers*, whose *business* keeps them in perpetual motion, yet whose motion *always eludes their business*; who are always to do what they never do; who can not stand still, because they are wanted in another place; and who are wanted in many places, because they can stay in none.

Compliment is the varnish of a complete man.

The drunkard for a time laughs over his wine; the ambitious man triumphs in the miscarriage of his rival; but the *captive of indolence* has neither *superiority* nor *merriment*.

In the different degrees of life, there will often be found much *meanness* among the great, and much *greatness* among the mean.

There is one species of knowledge, which consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.

POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ELEGY.

Occasioned by the death of the Rev. Samuel Stillman, D. D. Pastor of the first Baptist Church in Boston.

Oh Death! fell tyrant of a ruined world,
Can nothing from thy power despotick save?
And must the virtuous, the revered be hurled
In sad succession to the putrid grave?

Thy voice terrifick must we all obey?
Will nought avail the prayer or tearful eye?
Must thou o'er all yet hold thy equal sway,
And reign with *dreadful impartiality?*

Yes; for that stronger voice, which at the first
From sluggish earth bade man in beauty bloom,
So by its word ordained, that '*Dust to dust,*'
Must be of man the dread perpetual doom.

But hark! what loud lament, what sobs of wo,
What gloom o'er every passing face is spread!
The ruthless tyrant gives the fatal blow,
And numbers Stillman with the sainted dead.

Mute is that warning voice, whose power awoke
The sleeping conscience from its dread repose;
Closed are those eyes, which, more than words, bespoke
What his full heart sustained for human woes.

That voice no more shall his full heart express,
Or truths sublime in glowing style dispense,
His active arm shall never more impress
The fervid Preacher's thundering eloquence.

The stately cenotaph, the Parian bust,
The sculptured urn, let polished Europe raise;
In gorgeous fabricks place the mitred dust,
On brazen tablets grave the Hierarch's praise.

No proud cathedrals *here* their pomp display,
Whose fretted domes their spacious concaves spread,
Where through the pictured panes the dubious day
Shades the prized reliques of the honoured dead.

What though no massy fanes his dust inclose,
No brass or marble his loved form supply;
Yet, not forgotten shall his dust repose,
Nor yet unhonoured shall the good man die.

No; while one ray of poesy divine
Cheers the sad poet in this darksome scene,
Still in his humble verse the just shall shine,
Still shall his laurels bloom eternal green:

And memory, faithful to its sacred trust,
Shall from oblivion snatch the good man's name;
When art's proud monuments shall sink in dust,
On *living tablets* shall engrave his fame.

O, could I breathe that vivifying breath,
Which the rapt prophet's God alone could give,

Which, in the arid vale of numerous death,
Made the dry fragment bones to rise and live!
Then should the Christian sage from forth the fold
Of fetid death in pristine might ascend,
And many a grief-swoln eye again behold
The husband, father, preacher, and the friend.
Then should the sabbath's hallowed chimes expand,
And crowding converts to the church repair,
STILLMAN again should lead the new born band,
And raise the incense of the fervent prayer.
Lo! in the sacred desk I see him stand,
His form, his feautures once again I trace;
And, like th' angelick choir in Judah's land,
He brings 'glad tidings' to man's ruined race.
Hark! hear ye not again that voice sublime?
It calls the dead in sin to life and light;
Say, mark you not that countenance divine,
That troubled gesture, and that arm of might?
See, whilst the glowing truth assails the mind,
And wakes the passions from their fatal sleep,
The Spirit rushes like a mighty wind,
The flint dissolves, the hardened sinners weep!
But ah! how soon the poet's dream is past,
The fleeting vision flits like mortal breath,
Nought but the last loud trumpet's potent blast,
Can rouse the slumberer from the bed of death.
Ah, where is now affliction's constant friend,
Where the consoler of the mind distrest?

Whose prayerful skill the broken heart cold mend,
And soothe the troubled conscience into rest.

Ah, where is he, who, by the dying bed,
Calmed the last passage of the struggling breath,
Illumed with gospel hope the fainting head,
And changed to bursts of joy the pangs of death!

And you, ye wretched many, who have gone
In weeds of sorrow through this vale of wo,
Who oft have wept the near connection borne
To the dark regions of man's conquering foe,

No more shall STILLMAN seek your roofs of pain,
With mild consoling voice the wretched cheer;
No more the widow's sinking heart sustain,
Or wipe the anguished orphan's scalding tear.

To the grave fathers of our favoured land,
No more shall he enforce the freeman's right;
Or, at the bidding of the warriour band,
Teach the true christian soldier how to fight.

No more the malefactor, doomed to die,
From STILLMAN's lips shall learn a Saviour's name,
Learn, like th' expiring thief on Calvary,
To mount to glory from the depths of shame.

But cease, fond muse, his virtues to recount;
Vain is the task which thy rash pen employs;
When all is done, 'tis but the sad amount,
The sable schedule of departed joys.

Peace to thy ashes, then, thou man of God ;
To thy approving Judge we thee resign :
'Tis OURS to bear the chastenings of his rod,
The peaceful Sabbath of the tomb is THINE.

S.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

EPIGRAMMATICK SKETCH.

PRITHEE do you know Tom Tweezer,
He that has a wife so pretty ?
Tom's whole soul is bent to please her,
And to see her drest the tippy.

Beaux point the opera glass and swear that
Mrs. Tweezer's all the rage ;
The ladies, one and all, declare that
Tom's the best husband of the age.

Spring or fall ships never lie to,
But Tom, ever bent to please her,
Flies to Mrs. Cruft's to buy too,
Something *smart* for Mrs. Tweezer.

Crape, cambrick, lutestring, sattinet,
Muslin, chambray, piquet, leno,
Armlets, caps of spider net,
And of smart things more than we know.

But oft, when happy Tom would fly
To buy the tasty for his dearest,
He found that *fashion* had gone by,
Of queer things he had bought the queerest.

Too oft he hears his dear remark,
While with disdain her eyes she rolls,
'Why sure this came from Noah's ark,
'Lard! it is as old as poles.

'You know, my love, that Sally Flaret
'Wore *sich* a one last Friday night;
'How could you think that I would wear it,
'T'would make me look like *sich a frite!*'

Running, puffing, panting, sweating,
The anxious Tom I chanced to meet;
On his brow deep thought was sitting,
In both hands a band box neat.

Prithee, Thomas, why so hasty?
You run as if you ran for life.
'O, I've purchased something tasty,
'A smart new bonnet for my wife.

'Stop me not, I must not falter,
'I must hasten to my true one,
'The fashion else I fear will alter,
'And my Duck will want a new one.' S.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TO TWILIGHT.

Hail! pensive hour, congenial to my heart;
Sweet contemplation wooes thee to her arms;
Thy softened tints with tender pleasing art,
Glad the drear soul that's dead to other charms.

In thy calm hour, a pleasing sadness reigns ;
This care-worn bosom thou canst ever charm ;
Musing with thee, forgetting all my pains,
I fancy thou canst every ill disarm.

How oft I steal me from the world's loud din,
And throwing round me Fancy's airy vest,
I strive from thee one partial smile to win,
To sooth the sorrows lingering in my breast.

Soaring above this transitory scene,
I fly to purer realms, to joys divine,
Where gentle mercy's rays forever beam,
Where brightening gleams of holy rapture shine.

Enshrined in robes of ever-promised love,
I view my God, my sovereign and my guide ;
'Rest here,' he says, 'I'll sorrow's clouds remove,
And new-born pleasures through thy soul shall glide.'

The voice of heaven inspires me with delight,
The quivering breeze no longer bears my sighs ;
Religion beams a pure refulgent light,
And dries each tear that trembles in my eyes.

EMMA.

Dorchester, April 15, 1807.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Leir once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace ;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.

Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleased the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could show the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three, in plighted troth,
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face to do you good,
My blood shall rendered be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said;
Dear father! for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king replyed ;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love allyed ?
My Love, (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind ?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find :
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine ;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest sister's loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintained
Untill my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here ;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear ;

For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandering up and down,
Unhelped, unpitied, gentle maid!
Through many an English town:

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deemed
The fairest on that ground
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promised loves,
Full soon the same decayed;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonerell;
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pityful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan,
Returned him answer, that she grieved,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet, if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.

Then back again to Gonerell,
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was denied,
Which she had promised late:
For, once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters for relief
He wandered up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown:

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banished so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe;

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread:
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance:
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus court;
Whose royal king with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones,
By his Cordelia dear:
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle slain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move;

He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents:
And being dead their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

By Thomas Carew.

Hee that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke,
Fuell to maintaine his fires:
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

THE DRAMA.

BOSTON THEATRE.

THE Editor feels greatly obliged by the following Letter, and has omitted all editorial strictures on the theatrical performances of this month to give it a place. He hopes it is not the last favour for which he shall be Mr Oakly's debtor.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will excuse me, Sir, as I am a blunt man, and "little blest with the set phrase" of modern speech, if I introduce myself to your acquaintance with little ceremony. I reside in a pleasant town on the banks of Connecicut river, in the county of Hampshire, from which business lately called me to your metropolis, and here detains me. Having had but few opportunities of travelling beyond the limits of my native county, my knowledge of the world and of human nature, is drawn chiefly from books. As the stage is generally considered as the epitome of the world, a mirror reflecting men and manners, and the players the brief abstract and chronicles of the times, I determined while business detained me in Boston to indulge my curiosity for knowledge and fondness for amusement by frequent visits at the

theatre. To this I was prompted still more strongly by recollecting that a celebrated English author, (Aaron Hill I think) had said, speaking of the stage, "*We are here humanized without suffering; we become acquainted with the manners of nations; acquire a fine polish without travelling; and without the trouble of study imbibe the most pleasing, the most useful lessons.*"

The first scenick representation I witnessed was the tragedy of *King Lear*, on the evening of the first of April. In reading the works of Shakespeare, I had always looked on this as one of the most sublime efforts of his muse, and therefore felt no common expectations at seeing it brought before me on the stage. I will not say that my prepossessions were all realized; for though some of the characters, particularly *Lear* and *Edgar*, were superiour to any thing my fancy had ever suggested; yet others appeared to have much less dignity on the stage than I had given them in the closet.

Mr. Fennell, in his "counterfeit presentment" of the old and feeble king, seemed to me to have attained the perfection of his art. No look or action escaped him, from which I could discover any resemblance to the gentleman who had been shown me in the street for Mr. Fennell.

Of *Lear's* three daughters, I think *Goneril*, by Mrs Shaw, was supported much the best, and supported very respectably, according to my ideas of the character. In truth, I was

out of humour with the audience for withholding their approbation. But, if my observations were correct, it is not so much the *merit* of the actors, as their *fine dresses*, which the audience applaud. Else why did they greet Mr. Caulfield with such enthusiastick shouts before he had spoken, and suffer some of the finest passages of the play, to which Mr. Fennell gave admirable expression, to pass unnoticed? I hope Mr. Caulfield will not think from this observation, that I am insensible to his *merit*, or suppose it to consist entirely in his costume. No; among the few actors I have seen, I think him one of the first; and his performance of *Edgar* was justly entitled to the praises of every person of feeling and taste.

Mr. Usher made a very good *Caius*. A number of *dukes* and *lords*, who make no inconsiderable figure in reading the play, had very inadequate representatives on the stage, whose names I do not now recollect. But I well remember that a Mr. Milbourne, who I am told makes no pretensions to the profession of an actor, spoke a few lines in the character of an *old man*, with remarkable propriety.

The next time I attended your theatre was to see the representation of *Julius Cesar*. Before the rising of the curtain, Mr. Caulfield came forward, and in a very handsome and gentlemanlike manner, begged permission to read the part of *Cassius*. This, I observed, cast a sudden gloom over the countenances of

several spectators; and for my own part, I could not conceive, how so important a personage as *Cassius* could be represented on the stage by one who could not speak what was set down for him. Mr. Caulfield urged his recent indisposition as a reason for not committing it to memory; and in truth, he did it so neatly, so "trippingly from the tongue," that I believe most of the audience were reconciled to hear him read. A malicious wag, however, who sat on the seat before me, observed, rather ill-naturedly, to his companion, that "though Mr. Caulfield had told a very fine story it was all a *hum*; for he had been seen several times the week previous, in apparent health; was at a caucus the evening before; and, what was still more unpardonable in a man of his profession, he was observed among the choir at Trinity Church on Sunday morning, to the neglect of his professional duties."

Mr. Fennell, as *Brutus*, discovered much classical erudition in his readings of Shakespeare. I was particularly gratified with his speech to the plebians, "Romans, countrymen," &c. Mr. Usher was very correct in the part of *Mark Antony*. Perhaps he wanted a little more passion in the Funeral Oration over Cesar's body, "to stir men's blood;" but on comparing him with some of his brother performers, I give him my most hearty approbation.

It has been often said that the pronunciation of the stage is the standard of English pronunciation. But I find, Mr. Editor, the players have *no* standard ; or if they have they do not mind it. Each one appears to aim at a different pronunciation from him who spoke next before him. Mr. Fennell gave the *o* in *Rome* its first or long open sound, as in *no ;* while Mr. Usher laboured to give it what Walker calls the long slender sound, as heard in *prove, room ;* others, probably to shew that they were not guided by either of the gentlemen last mentioned, gave it a sound approaching very nearly to *u* short, so that I at first thought they were talking, not about *Rome,* the mistress of the world, but a certain West-India liquor called *rum.* But "*something too much of this.*"

It is difficult for me to conceive, Mr. Editor, how some nine or ten people, (all but *two* of whom were mutes,) standing in a semi-circle to hear Antony's oration, could have "ought the least similitude" to a Roman rabble. Is not this an epitome epitomised ?

I was extremely pleased with Mrs. Poe in *Priscilla Tomboy.* Many of her wanton tricks to teaze her gawkish cousin *Watty* were truly laughable, and perhaps not the less so for being pretty correct representations of the manners of some of our country hoydens.

The representation of the *The Stranger* on Wednesday evening April 8, was but thinly

attended. The play lagged heavily. Mr. Dickenson created some merriment in the whimsical old *Solomon*, as did Mr. Barnes in *My Son Peter*. Mrs. Haller had a lovely representative in Mrs. Powell. The moral of the play is such as to afford me but little gratification; and perhaps may be the reason why the performance generally was to me displeasing.

If you think proper, sir, to lay these observations before the publick in the Polyanthos, you may perhaps hear from me again before I leave town.

Yours, &c.

OLIVER OAKLY.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

A NEW Play called *The Curfew*, written by the late JOHN TOBIN, Esq. author of the *Honey Moon*, is in rehearsal, and is to be brought forward at the benefit of Mr. Usher. The scene of the play is laid in England, and the time of its action supposed to be—

"When first the *Curfew*, knell of England's woe,
Proclaimed the triumphs of the Norman bow,
And haughty William, with unhallowed claim
And ruthless sword usurp'd a monarch's name."

The story is interesting, the language chaste and energetick, and the sentiments highly moral. The principal characters are a *Norman Baron*, *Matilda*, his wife, *Robert* and *Florence*,

their children; *Bertrand*, a vassal to the Baron; *Walter* the toller of the Curfew, and *Fitzharding*, leader of a Banditti. It is, like the *Honey Moon*, written partly in blank verse, and partly in prose, and like that favourite comedy, evinces that its author was well-studied in the school of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher. The characters are none of them original, but strongly drawn, and perhaps are not the less pleasing for being old acquaintances in new situations. The following conversation of *Bertrand* and *Florence* forcibly reminds us of *Rosalind* and *Celia* in *As you like it*—

Bert. At sunset, then, you'll meet me at the abbey.
And lest your person should create suspicion,
Suppose you come apparelled as a boy;
And wear, like many a gallant, capering knight,
Whose smooth complexion scarce would hazard twice
The keen encounter of the northern wind,
The front of Hector with a woman's heart?
Flor. Is it so easy then to play the hero?
Bert. 'Tis but to strut, and swell, and knit your brow,
Tell twenty lies in a breath, and round them off
With twice as many oaths, to wear a sword
Longer than other men's, and clap your hand
Upon the hilt when the wind stirs, to shew
How quick the sense of honour beats within you.
How many valiant cowards in brave armour,
Have bluster'd unsuspected to their graves—
Nay, afterwards frown'd terrible in marble,
Who at the trumpet's charge had stood aghast

And shrunk like tortoises into their shells
To die with apprehension!

The *Baron* refuses his consent to the marriage of *Bertrand* and *Florence*, on account of *Bertrand's* low birth, to which he replies—

'Tis now too late
To summon back the dust of my progenitors,
And stamp it with nobility—What then?
Am I to hang my head? creep into corners
Because my father was a hind? I know not
Why I was prest into this bustling world;
But here I am, and let my deed proclaim me.
Our actions are our heralds, and they fix
Beyond the date of tomos and epitaphs,
Renown or infamy.

Every one will acknowledge the beauty of the following sentiment—

The low peasant's latch,
Should be held sacred as the triple bolt
That guards a palace—ay, more sacred,
For high raised mightiness is its own shield.
But who, if lordly power be first to invade,
Shall bar the poor man's dwelling from oppression?

We are occasionally amused with the humour of the *Robbers*, whose language is much in the style of Shakespeare's rogues—

Armstrong. What is this same Curfew that has made such a noise lately?

Conrad. What is it? Why it is a new mode with your great statesmen of keeping the people in the dark. After this same bell has tolled, 'tis a misdemeanour for a horse-shoe to strike a spark from a flint, and high treason for a glow-worm to carry fire in his tail.

Armst. A truce with thy jests.

Conrad. Why then, in sober sadness, this Curfew custom is a clever invention of this Norman prince of darkness, to set honest men a snoring, and give rogues an earlier opportunity of cutting their throats; and which, by shortening their days, will most probably lengthen ours.

On the whole, we think, from a hasty perusal of the Play, it is such as will please the taste of the town, and sincerely hope it may bring a bumper house to reward the industry of Mr. Usher. We understand the epilogue is to be spoken by Mrs. Stanley.

Mr. Turnbull has just published a new melodrame, in three acts, called *Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria*; which, with his pantomime of *The Maid of Hungary*, is to be brought out at his benefit.

Mr. Dykes has also in preparation a new pantomime, called *The Battle of Maringo.*

The New-York theatre closed on the 17th April. The benefits, we hear, were but poorly attended.—Mr. Cooper has gone to Charleston, S. C. to perform the remainder of the season.

Among the new plays produced last winter at the London theatres are the following—

The Vindictive Man, a comedy, by T. Holcroft.

Tekeli, a Melo-Drame in three acts, by Mr. Hook.

False Alarms, or My Cousin, an opera in three acts—played with great success.

The Deserts of Arabia, a musical afterpiece.

Arbitration, or Free and Easy, a farce

Harlequin and Mother Goose, a pantomime.

The Enchanters, or Harlequin Sultan, a pantomime.

Adrian and Orilla, or a Mother's Vengeance, a tragedy.

The Curfew, a play, by the late John Tobin, Esq.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

*** *A portrait and memoir of General* WILLIAM EATON, *will be given next month.*

THE *late hour at which* "Contemplator's" *favour was received, and the length of his extracts, prevented its insertion this month.*

'Trash, No. 4,'—'An old Fable new vampt'—'Collina to Psyche,'—*and several other original pieces are on file for publication.*

'Dibdin's Tour' *is unavoidably omitted.*

☞ *An Index to the Fourth Volume, omitted last month through mistake, accompanies this number.*

THE

POLYANTHOS.

MAY, 1807.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *GENERAL WILLIAM EATON.*

FEW of late have been those opportunities in our country, where military abilities have been called into exertion; but few as they have been, America can boast of men who have done honour to her name and justice to her cause. The ocean has seen our flag wave triumphant over her bosom, and Africa would have felt the strength of our arms, had not our Eaton been arrested in mid progress by the hand of pusillanimous and calculating power.

To our humble efforts to trace his progress and describe those scenes in the political world in which he has been engaged, his name alone will be sufficient to attract attention. Our knowledge of him will not permit us to be diffuse; but what we are enabled to lay before the publick,

we have from indisputable authority, and know to be correct.

William Eaton was born on the 23d of February, 1764, at Woodstock in Connecticut. His father, a respectable and independent farmer, gave his son all those advantages for improvement, which his situation and property could command. But war appears to have been "his favourite and his first pursuit;" for at the age of sixteen he voluntarily left his home and his studies, and entered as a private centinel in the army of the revolution. There he continued during our arduous and eventful struggle, and at its fortunate conclusion returned to his home, having been raised to the non-commissioned grade of a sergeant. But unfortunately for his future prospects, he found the resources of his father greatly exhausted by having placed too much confidence in the then paper currency. He resumed his classical studies, however, notwithstanding the difficulties which a want of pecuniary assistance must necessarily throw around him. These his perseverance, diligence and economy overcame; and entering Dartmouth College, he obtained with his class the honours of that seminary.

Leaving college, Mr. Eaton chose and pursued the profession of the law, and commenced business as an attorney at Windsor in Vermont. In 1790 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly of that State.

In the year 1792, General Wayne was appointed to the command of our army against the Indians, who had long conducted a destructive war against our frontier settlements. And in March, of the same year, Mr. Eaton was appointed to the command of a company, which he recruited in Vermont, and with which he was to join the forces under General Wayne. Soon after this appointment, he married the young widow of the late Major-General Danielson. It is said that one preliminary of this marriage was, that Capt. Eaton should resign his commission. But as the Indian war then raged in the north west, as he had already accepted the command, and collected his company, and as his inclination prompted to military achievements, his determination was not to be shaken. He answered, "Madam, if I had thought you capable of admitting a coward to your confidence, certainly I should never have made you an honourable proposition. Say that I have erred in my opinion, and we will exchange letters." The marriage, however, was concluded; and in eight hours after the ceremony, he marched to join the army. Sucessful in every enterprize, braving danger and fatigue in such a perilous and difficult warfare with intrepidity, he continued on our northwestern and southern frontiers, with few intervals, until July 11, 1797, when he was appointed Consul of the United States, to the city and kingdom of Tunis; charged, with his col-

leagues on that coast, with full power to alter and modify the treaty with that regency. In this commission he continued five years and eight months.*

At this crisis the affairs of General Eaton assume a brighter aspect; as they are those which have passed more immediately under our inspection, and have excited high interest in every breast, which holds sacred the honour of our country. That nest of tyrants, which have so long been the scourge of the commerce of the Mediterranean, and, to the disgrace of Europe, its terrour, had plundered our ships, and held our citizens in bondage. Redress was sought, or rather means were used to assuage, if possible, their thirst of plunder. But as treaties were of no avail, and as the pledged honour of their country is nothing in competition with gold; that was the only medicine which in any degree could allay the fever of avarice. Gold therefore was tried; but it was soon found that to cure them was impossible. Another method was to be used, and force was the only one which could prove effectual.

* General Eaton's transactions on that coast may be found in his statement, accompanying his petition to Congress of the 20th Feb. 1804. We have endeavoured to obtain it, but have been unsuccessful, and can therefore lay none of the particulars before our readers.

Tripoli was the power against which this force was to be directed; and accordingly war had been declared, and a small navy sent into the Mediterranean. But this force, though it served to hold the barbarians in check, could not bring them to terms. In an unfortunate attack upon the town in 1804, the frigate Philadelphia was lost, and the brave crew made prisoners by their enraged enemies. And although under the command of that experienced and brave officer, Com. Preble, Tripoli was attacked in a manner highly honourable to him, and with that courage and resolution which have ever distinguished our officers and seamen, yet the small force with which economy had supplied him, rendered his efforts unavailing. It was near this period that the enterprising and active mind of Gen. Eaton formed and communicated to government the project of chastising the temerity of the Bashaw, by forming a coalition with his brother Hamet, the legitimate sovereign of Tripoli, who had been driven from his throne by the usurpation and treachery of his brother. This plan of attack was approved by our government, and on the 30th of March, 1804, Gen. E. was commissioned to execute it. He accordingly immediately began his operations, and in July of the same year left the capes in the squadron commanded by Com. Barron, destined to that service. In Sept. he arrived in the Mediterranean, and in Nov. following sailed in the Argus, Capt. Hull, for

Alexandria in Egypt, in search of Hamet. He was then in upper Egypt, in the army of the Mameluke Beys, who were then at war with the Ottoman government. To seek and find him was a task which required the inflexible courage and determined mind of an Eaton to execute. Egypt was at this time desolated by a cruel civil war. The wild and wandering Arab had no check upon his cruelty and avarice; and the army of the Ottomans, which were interposed between him and the man he sought, were tainted with suspicion of the General and his followers. But the courage of the soldier and the firmness of the man were not to be shaken. Those difficulties, united to the natural suspicious character and cruel nature of the Turks, he faced without shrinking, and he overcame them. Hamet withdrew himself from the Mameluke army, and their exertions, in a short time, raised in Alexandria the little army of five hundred men. "We shall now, says Gen. E. in one of his letters, take up our line of march through the deserts of Lybia to Derne. If our measures are supported, he (Jussuf Bashaw) must fly his kingdom, or die. How glorious would be the exhibition, to see our fellowcitizens in captivity in Tripoli, march in triumph from a dungeon to their tyrant's palace, and display there the flag of the United States."

On the 6th March, 1805, Gen. Eaton entered the desert of Lybia, at the head of a heterogeneous host, which he had gathered on

the borders of Egypt, and which was composed of twelve different nations. Among those were only eleven Americans, and about seventy or eighty Greeks and Frenchmen, under the command of Capt. O'Bannan of Virginia. After surmounting incredible obstacles and sufferings, for fifty days, in the desert, and travelling the space of six hundred miles, where not a cottage, nor a forest tree, nor a natural source of water is found, and where not a mortal inhabits, except here and there a wandering tribe of marauding Arabs, they arrived and encamped on the 26th April, in the rear of Derne.

Derne is situated on the western side of the gulph Sidra, the famous Syrtis of the ancients, and was built by the Moors when driven out of Andalusia in Spain. It was well fortified, being defended by a fort and batteries, and a strong garrison. It is the capital of the richest province in Tripoli, the key of the kingdom, and its population estimated at 15000 souls. Gen. Eaton immediately prepared to attack the town. His army, by the accession of Arabs, now amounted to about 2500 men. He immediately summoned the governour of the city, who was a Turkish general, to surrender his garrison, and received this laconick answer; "*my head, or yours.*" After having received one field piece and some supplies from Capt. Hull, of the Argus, he immediately commenced the attack by land, while the three frigates opened upon the fort and batteries of the town. After

a severe contest of about two hours, the place was taken by assault. But unfortunately, in turning the left wing of the enemy's line with the bayonet, Gen. E. received a wound in the left wrist by a pistol ball, which has deprived him of the strength of his arm.

A large army which had been collected by Jussuf Bashaw for the purpose of driving them out of the country, now appeared before the walls of Derne. On the 13th of May General Eaton gave them battle. For a long time the victory was doubtful, until by a skilful manœuvre of General Eaton, they were compelled to retreat in the utmost confusion. They however still hovered around him, till at length, after a series of successful skirmishes, on the 10th of June he totally overthrew and repulsed them, and opened his way, without further opposition to the gates of Tripoli. Thus far victory attended his progress. What might have been his future fate it is impossible to determine; but from his former perseverance and success, there can be little doubt in supposing that his exertions would have been crowned with conquest. But at this very moment, when his prospects were the brightest,—when victory appeared most lovely,—and when a few more vigorous efforts would have humbled the tyrants of Africa, a peace was suddenly concluded, and a full stop put to his glorious career. What must have been his feelings we cannot perhaps easily conceive. He was, says

one of our publick papers, on the deck of the brig Hornet, when he received the intelligence. He appeared astonished, and striking his hand against his thigh, exclaimed, "My God! what shall I do with the poor fellows who have followed my fortunes through the desert!" In this situation he remained some minutes, unconscious of the tear which trickled down his cheek.

Tobias Lear, Esq. was then the commissioner of the United States to conclude a peace with Tripoli. The Bashaw, humbled by the severe attacks of our navy and the victorious band of General Eaton, trembled for the safety of his throne and dominions. A little longer, and perhaps we might have been able to dictate terms with the point of the bayonet; but unfortunately for the honour of the American nation, Mr. Lear seized upon this critical juncture to give 60,000 dollars for a peace, and the liberation of our countrymen, to an almost conquered enemy; and General Eaton was withdrawn from the coast. The Tripolitan acknowledged himself defeated; and fraud or envy must have influenced the abandonment of such high grounds. If envy it must consume itself. But truth bids us declare, that the acquisition of peace, and the emancipation of three hundred American citizens, are unquestionably due to the exertions of General Eaton. The squadron under Commodore Barron never appeared before the enemy's walls, and no ap-

pearance of a meditated attack could have induced the enemy to treat on terms so unusual. It is besides well known, that these terms would have been more honourable if the arrangements concerted between Eaton and the Commodore, had been left to his execution.

Since his return to his native country, the honours which have been paid him in every place he has visited, the marked attention he has every where received, strongly evince how high he stands in the estimation of his countrymen. As our limits will not permit us to enlarge the present imperfect sketch, we shall forbear any remarks upon his highly honourable conduct with regard to Mr. Burr. And the reader will more readily excuse us, as the facts have been so lately under the publick eye.

General Eaton now lives retired from publick service, employed in cultivating his farm at Brimfield. In his person he is little above the common size, extremely well made, of commanding aspect and noble presence. He professes the religion of the gospel, but advocates free toleration; is immoveably attached to the constitution and laws of his country; is a republican by principle and by practice, but despises governmental pusillanimity, and national humiliation.

Boston, May 20, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. V.

"Quid decent, quid non oblitus."—*Hor.*
"Forgetting all of decency or shame."

The industry with which some men strive to make themselves noticed by the small part of the world, which comes within their sphere of action, is indeed astonishing. Though offended and disgusted, one cannot help smiling at the extravagant and ridiculous actions, which this thirst for notoriety will induce a man to perform. We daily see those, whom nature evidently designed for obscurity, perhaps for usefulness, eagerly ascending the ladder of folly and even of vice, that they may attract the gaze of the idle, obtain the applause of the ignorant and abandoned; willingly becoming the laughing stock of the very dregs of society, rather than remain unnoticed, and undistinguished.

Desire of *fame* has ever been a copious source of absurdity and folly; for unfortunately in our plans to obtain it we generally miscalculate our powers, mistake our talents, frequently take upon our shoulders a heavier load than we can carry, engage in enterprizes to which we are totally inadequate. Rashness and extravagance

usually mark the conduct of those, in whom this passion predominates. I do not however mean to attribute the excessive ridiculousness of the characters under consideration to love of fame. Surely *they* never ought to be numbered among her votaries, whose sole ambition is to attract the attention of the multitude, whose only claim to notoriety is the exuberance of their follies; who considering themselves as licensed excentricks, insultingly violate those rules of propriety, which other men respect and observe; who, to astonish the weak, and offend the judicious, industriously deviate from that path which reason and religion prescribes. Their absurd conduct may more properly be traced to their despair of obtaining notice, should they suffer themselves to be restrained by the laws of decency and virtue.

Thirst for notoriety has performed miracles in every age and nation. It has made a man of sense play the part of a monkey, caused a man of principle to assume the character of a lawless libertine, induced a christian to utter the language and defend the sentiments of infidelity. Our fathers viewed these consequences with wonder and astonishment, but they do not afford us matter even for surprise, so truly insignificant are they when compared with the miracle our times have witnessed. Miraculous power has in this age been exerted to such a degree, that admiration's self is wearied with employment. Desire of *notice* has lately formed a

critick and an author from the same materials which compose a FOOL ; induced a shallow-pated, filthy tongued blackguard to undertake the office of a REFORMER ! !

I suppose that many of my readers will esteem this account an excessive tax on their credulity, for happily the circulation of the productions of this conceited dabler at authorship, has as yet been confined to this metropolis, and I add with pleasure, is decreasing. Even the Notionals, (to their honour be it spoken) who have ever been forward to encourage every species of folly which has prevailed in society, have hitherto been very moderate in their patronage of this impertinent scribbler. Some few however have attempted to introduce these criticisms, essays, reviews, &c. (for this filthy trash is dignified with such names) to notice, by reading them aloud in book stores with much apparent satisfaction ; and one, probably their author, ventured to puff them in a publick paper. These praises however, are very far from being loud or extravagant ; and I feel confident that the contempt and indignation which they now excite, will shortly give place to *more galling oblivion*.

The pamphlets to which I allude, will easily be distinguished by the impudence, ignorance, and obscenity, which pervades them. Their author has wantonly sacrificed decency, truth, and honour at the shrine of *notoriety*. The scurrility with which he loads our brightest charac-

ters, the acrimony with which he mentions our our most valuable institutions, are evidently the offspring of a little soul, under the powerful influence of *envy* or *private pique*. With an extravagance worthy the famous knight of La Mancha, he fancies that he redresses the grievances, decides the controversies, which vex and agitate the literary world; confidentially undertakes to protect the weak, viz. those whom all others pity or despise; vainly attempts to make the powerful, (i. e. worthy) tremble and dread *his* wrath.——The picture I have drawn may by some be thought a caricature, but I assure such, that it is a faithful resemblance of a witling, whose vanity will be highly gratified by the notice I have taken of his ridiculous, his grossly indecent publications. X.

Boston, May 15, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 3.

Φλυσω και Φλυσω.

THERE are more adults pleased with riddles than are willing to confess it; they are considered as an infantile amusement; and yet both sacred and profane history inform us, that in earlier ages they were held as the test of man-

ly wit and wisdom. Sampson's riddle has been thought worthy of preservation in the inspired volume, while that of the Sphynx adorns the pages of ancient profane history. It is long since I amused myself with riddles; but when I have been in search of what would be called more rational amusement in the perusal of the elder English poets, repeatedly have I cast my eye upon the following, and sometimes in an idle moment have I attempted to solve it. It may be found in the Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyat, the Elder---who, with the accomplished Earl of Surry, were the most brilliant belle lettres ornaments of the court of Henry VIII.

A RIDDLE OF A GYFT BY A LADIE.

A Lady gave me a gift she had not,
And I received her gift which I took not,
She gave it me willingly and yet she would not,
And I received it albeit I could not;
If she gave it me I force not,
And if she take it again she cares not;
Consider what this is and tell not,
For I am fast sworn I may not.—

CRITICISM.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Dryden, commenting upon his Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, observes "that it does not want its negligen-

ces ; some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes ; a defect which I never detected but after an acquaintance of *many years.*" That is, while the Doctor for many years perused this divine poem with the simple design of gratifying himself with its rich and variegated beauties, he did not discover these negligences ; but when he was engaged by the London Booksellers to write the Poet's biography, he commenced the critick, and discovered, for the first time, that " some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes."

Now this is the case with all of us when we set down to criticise. We are forced to discovey some defects in order to evidence that we have some penetration. But yet, great as the Doctor is, I, who am an enthusiastick admirer of the Ode, would no more thank him for his discovery, than I would the officious person who should approach me at dinner, and point out something disgusting in my favourite dish. At the literary feast, I wish to cater for myself, and an austere, captious critick is as disagreeable to me as the Physician in Don Quixotte was to Sancho Pancha, when he criticised away the best viands from the table of that governour in the island of Barataria. The inefficacy of criticism, as operating on the publick taste, has been often displayed. The celebrated Bentley wrote a critique upon Addison's Cato, in which he condemned that popular work as a farrago of absurdities ; and yet what critick is more

reverenced than Bentley, what tragedy more read than Cato?—Dr. Johnson, after insinuating an indifferent opinion of Pomfret's Poems, observes, "that they please many, and that which pleases many must have merit." Here is the acknowledged triumph of publick taste over the fastidiosity of referred criticism. S.

HOAXING.

[*One of our correspondents in the country not long since requested a definition of the cant term* HOAX. *If he has not yet obtained one, perhaps the following story may assist him to elucidate its meaning.*]

THE following extraordinary circumstance, says a London paper, took place last week, at Hereford; in the execution of which, the depredator displayed a considerable degree of ingenuity, and every attempt to trace him has been ineffectual.

A MAN came to an inn in Broad-street, and professed himself a dealer in *smuggled tea*; from his general conduct, he soon acquired, the good graces of the landlord, had constantly a party of *friends* to breakfast, dine and sup with him, and gave his entertainments in a *dashing style.* Soon after his arrival, two bags of *tea* came by the coach, for which the landlord *paid carriage*, and the *gentleman* wanting a pair of shoes, his

good natured host waited with him on a shoemaker, from whom they procured them, the innkeeper being responsible for the payment. At the end of about four days, when a *score* of between six and seven pounds had been run up at the inn, a purchaser was obtained for the tea, and paid the smuggler twenty pounds in part; and, by his desire, the *dealer* took his bargain to the house of a friend for him, being afraid of encountering the Argus eyes of the Excise at his own. After the *merchant* had delivered his *goods*, he met one of his *new friends*, from whom he requested the loan of a *new* silk-kerchief he had round his neck, which was readily lent him; he then walked off, in the *new shoes*, with it, and has not since been heard of. On opening the bags, they each contained a little fine tea on the top, the rest was sand. On the second or third day of the fellow's arrival, a watch maker from the Hay, who partook of his convivial entertainments, became anxious he should buy a watch of him, to which his friend *kindly* acceded, on condition that he should wear it a few days, in order to ascertain how it *would go*, previous to payment; it is almost superfluous for us to state, the watch *went* with him.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 8.

Κρεσσον μελπομένω τεῦ ἀκυέμεν, η μέλι λέιχειν.
THEOC.

BEFORE we proceed in making our extracts from the Village Curate, we would call the attention of the reader to the following letter—As the production of one whose judgment we respect, and whose taste is undoubted, we can warmly recommend it; and as the effort of a friend to add strength to our weakness, we give him our most hearty thanks.

"Virtue, too,
Will ever thus her lone retreat betray,
And, spite of privacy, be sought and seen,"
Vill. Curate.

To the CONTEMPLATOR.

SIR,

Accidentally meeting with a number of the Polyanthos the other day, I was much gratified with a perusal. Yet I was chiefly pleased with the laudable attempt of the "Contemplator," to rescue a valuable literary production from unmerited obscurity. To commend where commendation is deserved, is a duty. While a deluge of frothy productions, containing "vox et præterea nihil," which owe most of the success they meet with to the *neatness* of the cover,

the *beauty* of the paper, the *delicacy* of impression, and other extrinsick ornaments, is inundating the literary world, it is a source of admiration that the Village Curate should be almost "unnoticed and unknown." Had this book been decorated with those metrical ornaments which attract the eye of the *superficial* observer, it would probably have stood conspicuous on the shelf of almost every private library. But these decorations are generally given where the subject has nothing more valuable to boast. The Village Curate is not indebted for what praise it has received to the false glare of tinsel filagree. The printer of the Newbury-Port edition might have selected the following passage as an *appropriate* motto for the *title-page* :

"What need of dress
So fine and gorgeous, if the soul within
Be chaste and pure ? The fairest mask put on
Hides not the wrinkle of deformity ;
A soul of worth will gild a beggar's frize,
And on his tattered suit a lustre shed
No time can change. Give to to the harlot's cheek
The glowing rouge ; true virtue needs it not.
Shed perfumes in the chambers of the sick ;
The lip of health has odours of it's own."

But we thank the printers for this edition and regret that there is not a greater number of copies in circulation. The happy ease and simplicity, the harmony of verse, the great originality, *nature* and morality which characterises every line, should give it a welcome reception.

But we mean not to praise. The work will speak for itself. And we take our leave, by expressing our approbation of the poem, and our thanks to its advocate. Your's &c.

J. V. J.

As our limits do not permit us to give connection to our various extracts ; we shall select here and there passages which strike us, and which we think will give pleasure and satisfaction to our readers. After describing the situation of Alcanor's mansion, its rustick decorations, and simple ornaments, the Author proceeds :

Not for himself
He sought the lonely cell remote, and stored
His humble mansion with resources sweet
Of intellectual bliss. To other eyes
And other ears the lettered page unfolds
Ambrosial food, the honey of research.
'Tis not to please Alcanor's self alone,
Or frantick Dorothy, so oft is heard
The melting sound of sweet-toned harmony.
In chambers yet unsung three Fairies dwell,
Each to Alcanor bound, and near in blood,
But nearer in affection. Julia she,
Who holds the reign of household management,
And moderates with skill the lavish hand
Of hasty Dorothy. Eliza next,
Of aspect mild and ever blooming cheek ;
Good humour there, and innocence, and health
Perennial roses shed. It is a May
That never quits her blush, but still the same

Is seen in Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Save when it glows with a superiour red,
Kissed by the morning breeze, or lighted up
At sound of commendation well bestowed
Under the down-cast eye of modest worth,
That shrinks at its own praise. Ye thoughtless belles,
That day by day the fashionable round
Of dissipation tread, stealing from art
The blush Eliza owns, to hide a cheek
Pale and deserted; come, and learn of me
How to be ever blooming, young and fair.
Give to the mind improvement. Let the tongue
Be subject to the heart and head. Withdraw
From city smoke, and trip with agile foot,
Oft as the day begins, the steepy down
Or velvet lawn, earning the bread you eat.
Rise with the lark and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs? Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental veil put off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion. O there is a charm
The morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverous sleep, or wakeful dream

Of happiness no mortal heart has felt
But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
Like you it must be wooed or never won.
And being lost it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
Cosmetick art no tincture can afford
The faded feature to restore: No chain,
Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.
But leave me not the gentle Isabel
Unsung, though nature on her cheek no rose
Has planted, and the lily blossom there
Without a rival.—Look within and learn
That nature often on the mind bestows
What she denies the face.—O, she is kind,
And gives to every man his proper gift,
To make him needful in the land he lives.
There is not inequality so strange
'Twixt man and man as haughty wits suppose.
The beggar treads upon the monarch's heel
For excellence, and often wears a heart
Of noble temper, under filth and rags:
While he that reigns, in spite of outward pomp,
Is mean and beggarly within, and far outweighed
By the offensive lazar at his gate.
Th' unlettered fool that daily steers the plough,
With vacant head, and heart as unimproved
As the dull brute he drives, gives to the world
A necessary good, which all thy pains,
Ingenious Critick, or thy deep research,
Profound Philosopher, thy preaching, Clerk,
Thy prattle, Lawyer, or thy grave demurs,
Costly Physician, hardly shall exceed.
The kingly tulip captivates the eye,
But smelt we loath, while the sweet violet,
That little beauty boasts, hid from the sight,
With such a fragrant perfume hits the sense

As makes us love ere we behold. And so
The gaudy peacock of the feathered race
The noblest seems, till the sweet note be heard
That nightly cheers the musing Poet's ear
Under the thorny brake ; and then we grant
That little Philomel, so unadorned,
Needs not the aid of plumes. So Isabel,
Internal worth upon thy cheek bestows
A rose's beauty though no rose be there.
A heart that almost breaks to be rebuked,
A mind informed, yet fearful to be seen,
Kept by a tongue that never but at home,
And cautious then, its golden trust betrays—
These are thy charms, and they are charms for me,
And in my eye as sweet a grace bestow,
As matchless beauty tricked in airy smiles
And suit of fantasy, what time she trips
With foot inaudible the sprightly round
Of fairy dance, outshining every star
And planet of the night. And these shall last,
As morning fair, and fresh as amaranth,
When all thy triumphs, Beauty, are no more.

He thus concludes the first division of his poem :

If there be man,
Who thus far has perused my careless page,
In hopes to find a palliative to vice,
Here let us part.—An enemy to mirth
Who deems me, does me wrong. I hold it good
To laugh away a portion of my days,
And give to mirth her song, to sport her feather.
But he that draws his wit to stab at truth,
And is the friend of folly when he smiles,
Has lived too long. O let me never be
Virtue's assassin, or the shield of vice.

Kind heaven, if there be an hour so black
Yet lodged in future time: O cut me off
Ere it arrive, and send me to my grave
E'en in the pride and glory of my strength.

By what we have already extracted, the reader will perceive that not only his sentiments but his versification are characterised by simplicity; that there is no pomp of phrase, or artificial decoration; but that all is simple, graceful and natural. Much of his song the Poet addresses to the ladies; and to them especially we strongly recommend him. But the author speaks for himself, and if the former as well as the following extract do not find an "echo in the bosom" of every fair one, whom chance or curiosity may lead to the perusal, we should think little of her taste, and still less of her sentiments.—

Ye gentle Powers (if any such there be
And if there be not, 'tis a sweet mistake
To think there be) that day by day, unseen,
Where souls unanimous, and linked in love,
In sober converse spend the vacant hour,
Hover above, and in the cup of life
A cordial pour that all its bitter drowns,
And gives the hasty minutes as they pass
Unwonted fragrance; come and aid my song.
In that clear fountain of eternal love
That flows for aye at the right hand of him,
The great Incomprehensible ye serve,
Dip my adventurous pen, that nothing vile,
Of the chaste eye or ear unworthy, may
In this my early song be seen or heard.
Proceed we then to mark the Curate's steps,

His mode of living, manners, and pursuits,
As down the steep declivity of life
He glides, and hastens to the hungry grave.
One year the limits of our song confine,
From early spring, till spring return again.
Then let the muse begin, when Winter yet
Powders the lawn with snow, and on our eaves
Hangs the chaste Icicle. Be that the time,
When the tired sportsman lays his gun aside,
Nor wages ineffectual war again
On partridge race. The day St. Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day,
Start up and turn their their pillows, all agog
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows vast discharge
Of true love knots and sonnets nicely penned,
But to the learned critick's eye no verse,
But prose distracted, galloping away
Like yelping cur with kettle at his tail.
Forgive the thought, ye maids of poesy,
And be as kind as fair. A man may laugh
And yet approve, and I your pains applaud,
Though short of excellence. I love the maid
That has ambition, and betrays a mind
Of active and and ingenious turn ; that scorns
Only to be what fashion and the age
Require, and can do more than flirt her fan,
Read novels, dance with grace, sing play-house airs,
Talk scandal, daub, or vellum o'er her face,
Retain some half-a-dozen terms in French,
Aad half as many English, and dispatch
By every post a tedious manuscript,
Which to translate would crack the very brain
Of Arabick Professor. O ye fair,
Ye were designed for nobler flights than these.
Nature on you as well as us bestowed

The good capacity : And though to us
She gave the nicer judgment, yet she hid
The sweet defect in you, with better skill
To clothe the fair idea, keener eye,
And quicker apprehension. 'Tis in you
Imagination glows in all her strengh,
Gay as the robe of spring, and we delight
To see you pluck her blossoms, and compose
The cheerful nosegay for the swain you love.
What if Alcanor's self should not disdain
To imitate your heart, but sometimes hang
Ill-woven chaplets on Maria's brow,
That needs no ornament to set it off
With better grace ; the hour so spent shall live,
Not unapplauded, in the book of heaven.
For dear and precious as the moments are,
Permitted man, they are not all for deeds
Of active virtue. Give we none to vice,
And Heaven will not strict reparation ask
For many a summer's day and winter's eve
So spent as best amuses us. Alas !
If he that made us were extreme to mark
The trifled hour, what human soul could live ?
We trifle all, and he, who best deserves,
Is but a trifler. What art thou, whose eye
Follows my pen, or what am I that write ?
Both triflers. 'Tis a trifling world, from him
Who banquets daintily in sleeves of lawn,
To him who starves upon a country cure ;
From him who is the pilot of a state,
To him who begs and rather begs than work.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. VII.

"Undique collatis membris."

FENELON.

THE illustrious Fenelon, (says the Abbe Maury,) as a man, was the model of the age in which he lived. He was so also, as a writer. In his style he was simple and sublime, without ever being vulgar or turgid. He preferred the solid to the splendid. He disdained those ill-timed sallies, which stop the career of genius; and one would imagine, that he had produced Telemachus at one sitting. I defy the most penetrating, the ablest, and the most experienced writer in the world, to point out the moments when Fenelon quitted his pen, and when he resumed it; so easy, so connected, are his transitions. If he treats of heaven, his description rises, and is at once wonderful and grand; if he descends to the earth, to paint the meadows, the flowers, and the streams, like these too, his description is lively, beautiful and flowing. In this poem, he had two great difficulties to encounter: The language in which he wrote was stubborn, and he had to subdue it; the objects he was to describe were scattered, and he had to unite them: He effected both, without ever the appearance of labour. Master of his thoughts his expressions are clear; they strike you, they

win you, they convince you : he does not describe—he paints. Always polished, always harmonious, always equal, he well knew the force of that grammatical connection, which we so much neglect, which made the richness of the Greek language, and without which there can be no style. We do not see him straining at a thought from line to line, labouring for phrases, so precise, and yet so scattered, where the writer leaps forward from period to period, always betraying his own lameness, and rising with labour only to fall with disgrace. His elocution, full and sonorous, enriched with metaphors the most happy, with allegories the most sublime, with images the most picturesque, exhibits nothing to us, but propriety, majesty, elegance and ease. In a word, Fenelon gives a soul to his language. Noble, enchanting, inimitable, perhaps too abundant, it resembles his virtue.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

When you compose, dare to forget the age you live in. Never have for judges but Horace, Boileau, and Longinus ; and if your imagination has need of assistance, place their busts before your desk. Ask their opinions upon each passage that you write, and upon each period that you compose, and they will never deceive you. But, above all, think of the future : life is short and uncertain. Perhaps the day

after the impression of your first work, you may enter the grave. Death is sure: but if your book is good it will live forever. Think then only of the future, and avoid those common men who tell you the contrary. This idea will sublime your thoughts, and teach you to estimate every thing according to its real value; you will then subdue your age; you will receive from it the incense which you desire; you will command the admiration of those who run in the same course with you; you will force them to stifle the jealousy which consumes them; and you will fly from age to age with Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Corneille, to a glorious and certain immortality.

To give to this immortality a double splendour, and that it may do honour to your soul, as well as to your genius, whatever be the kind of writing you adopt, sustain with vigour the cause of morality. And be persuaded, that although some books may enjoy the fanaticism of a moment, the work alone, of which sound morality is the basis, will have a reputation that will increase from century to century; while that of a work formed on false principles will diminish from day to day. What a sublime genius was that of Jean Jaques! How astonishing a wit was Voltaire! But will the immortality of the author of the *New Heloise* be ever worth that of the author of Clarissa? And where is the man, who, were he to die to-morrow, and had the choice given him, would not

rather present himself before posterity with *Telemachus* alone in his hand, than with the forty volumes of Monsieur-de Voltaire ?

GENEVA.

A Letter from an English Traveller in Geneva.

They told me here that all the girls were chaste ; and I believed them, for I am naturally a very credulous man. Here are some reasons which might tempt a traveller less simple than myself to suspect the contrary. There is no play-house, nor any publick amusement in the city of Geneva ; and reading is the only resource against *ennui*. In consequence of this, a number of booksellers hire books by the month at a very low price. The first acquaintance I generally make in a town is that of a bookseller ; and during half an hour that I was talking with one the day after my arrival here, in came three girls, one after another, to hire the *New Heloise*. Pray, said I to the bookseller, what is the general reading of this country ? Young people, said he, like books with fine sentiments ; women a little mature, prefer those which are light and brilliant. He appeared to me to have unfolded his nation by this trait ; the girls all enamoured of Rousseau ; the women all admirers of Voltaire. Yes, thought I, the thing is clear ; they begin by imitating Eloisa ; and when their St. Preux forsake them, or the devil begins to frighten them, they read Voltaire to give them

courage and spitits. Well, Sir, not at all; I guessed like a fool. The girls are all virtuous; there never was one suspected; and what makes this miracle still more astonishing is, they have leave to go out by themselves in the morning, and they avail themselves of it every day.

The Genevese thinks that he is somewhat like the ancient Roman; as a Petty Prince in Germany thinks that he resembles Louis the Fourteenth.

The tradesman of this country is of all men he who imposed upon me the most; and he cheats with an insolence equal to his baseness.

I saw few people of the first class; but those I did see appeared to me amiable, sensible, and well informed. The men in general wish to pass for wits, the women for free-thinkers.

SHAKESPEARE.

A late English writer makes use of the following bold and energetick language in defending Shakespeare against the illiberal attacks of M. de Voltaire.

Homer had his Zoïlus, and Voltaire his Fre-ron; Bavius was the enemy of Virgil, and Pradon of Racine; the Academy of the Crusca criticised Tasso; and Cardinal Richlieu was jealous of Corneille: *Shakespeare alone was above envy:* Elizabeth patronized him; Southamp-

ton* loved him ; all the poets and criticks, his contemporaries and successors, have vied with each other in praising him ; the admiration of him increases daily in his own country, and is going to increase throughout Europe ; Ben Jonson, Milton, and Dryden, Pope, Warburton, and Johnson, do not speak of him but with transport ; a whole nation adores him ; and if I had not here undertaken his defence, I should have added, that he is admired by each individual of that nation, in proportion to the gifts which that individual has received from nature ; in proportion to the knowledge which he has acquired by reading good authors, and conversing with enlightened men ; in proportion to the number of countries that he has seen, and of languages that he possesses ; in proportion to the study that he has made of the human heart, and of the beauties of nature ; in proportion, in a word, to the depth of his understanding, to the variety of his knowledge, and to the justness and purity of his taste.

* This was that noble Lord Southampton, the friend of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, who, having heard that Shakespeare wanted a thousand guineas to make a purchase, sent them to him. 'This trait of generosity,' says the author of the *Dictionnaire portatif des hommes célèbres*, 'would pass for a fable in every other country but in England, where solid rewards are bestowed on the merit which other nations only esteem.'

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER THE FIRST,
The present Emperour of Russia.

The laws of Russia enact that one youth out of every peasant's family shall be liable to serve as a soldier, and, in case there should be but one son only in a family, that *that* son shall be exempt from the operation of military conscription. Notwithstanding this, a peasant, whose eldest son was slain in battle, saw, not only his second son torn from his home, but his third also, who was compelled to join the new levy ordained in the autumn of 1804; so that himself, (an old man,) with his disconsolate wife, a daughter who was both diseased and blind, and his youngest son, a little deformed being, were left forlorn and helpless. Their remonstrances and entreaties being disregarded, himself and and his unfortunate family were at once consigned to a life of penury and wretchedness. The mother died shortly after of a broken heart, and thus was the period of her sufferings *soon* closed; but what pen shall describe the melancholy situation of the unhappy group she left behind to bemoan her loss? a poor old man—

Whose hoary locks proclaim'd his lengthen'd years,

reproaching himself loudly with having given his offspring existence without the means of preserving it; his daughter, blind and helpless, bewailing the loss of a mother, whose tender

care might have preserved her father and brother, whilst she is left to add to their load of misery ; and his son, a poor unhappy cripple, exclaiming, in an agony of grief,—" *I* ought to work for you—*I* ought to support you—but alas ! I have not the power to do so. Oh ! why was I not made like other men ?" Can a more deplorable spectacle of accumulated misery than this be conceived ? What heart is there but will bleed at the bare mention of such a scene of suffering innocence ?

Possessed with the idea that it was to him the task of supporting his hoary parent and his unfortunate sister had devolved, the noble-minded cripple conceived the heroick resolution of encountering every danger to save *them* from destruction. Unmindful of his infirmities, this generous youth enquired the road to the metropolis, and travelled five hundred wersts,*, subsisting merely on the scanty pittance which his pitiable state extorted from the poor peasants, whose humble dwellings are thinly scattered over the deserts of northern Russia, and at length after surmounting innumerable difficulties, he arrived at the imperial capital. What a novel sight there presented itself to his astonished faculties !—the gilded steeples, the noble palaces, the incessant rumbling of carriages, the tumult which generally pervades the streets, and the consciousness of his own helpless condition, all

* The Russian werst contains 3500 feet, about three quarters of an English mile.

conspired to dishearten him. Is it then to be wondered at, that he should shudder at the idea of imploring succour from the lord of all these prodigies, and, perhaps of even conversing with him? Under these discouraging circumstances, how few would have remained stedfast to such a purpose as his?—Heaven only knows in what manner he procured his tale of wo to be committed to paper: he repaired with it to the parade, where the emperour daily reviews the troops; but, alas! he arrived too late. He went there again the next day; but, at the sight of the troops, and the pomp which surrounds the Emperour's person, his courage utterly forsook him. Resolving that filial duty should no longer be overawed by the fear of any being, mortal as himself, on the third day he threw himself on his knees before the Emperour and presented his sad memorial. Alexander immediately ordered one of his attendants to take charge of it, and as his looks rested on the emaciated cripple, whose whole appearance bore testimony to the truth of his tale, a tear started in his eye. As soon as the parade was over and the Emperour had returned to his palace, he requested to see the memorial: it was brought to him, and, as he perused it, his generous feelings revolted at such an instance of inhuman oppression. He immediately sent it to the minister of Justice, Prince Lapuchin, whom he directed to enquire minutely into the affair, and, if he found it authenticated by facts,

to give the poor cripple's brother his dismissal without delay, and to consign the governour, and all others who were concerned in this barbarous act of tyranny, to the punishment awarded by those laws which they had so glaringly violated. Prince Lapuchin, who was fortunately a man of the most humane and benevolent disposition, immediately caused the affair to be investigated, and found it but too well grounded. On receiving the minister's report, Alexander generously ordered the peasant's son to be set at liberty, and five hundred roubles to be paid to his poor brother, as a small indemnification for the sufferings which the family had endured. Lapuchin could not forbear being an eye witness to the joy, which the unfortunate young man would naturally testify on receiving such unexpected intelligence, and ordered him into his presence. Trembling with anxiety, the poor cripple accordingly repaired to the prince's palace, to receive life or death from his communication. The antichamber was crowded with persons of every rank and description, some of whom, having heard the young man's story, endeavoured to bereave him of all hopes of a successful issue to his petition. At length Prince Lapuchin appeared, with the Emperour's order in his hand. "Go," said he to him, "go and fetch your brother; a kibitke is waiting for you below." The poor cripple, frantick with joy, uttered a loud cry, fell down, and embraced the knees of the worthy Prince, who raised him up again. In the ecstacy of the

moment, he laughed, he wept, all earthly grandeur vanished from his mind, and he forgot that he stood surrounded by a crowd of Russian nobles. He asked again and again, whether it were really true that his dear brother was to be restored to the embraces of his grey-headed father and his poor blind sister? The Prince assured him that it was, showed him his sovereign's signature, and ordered the money to be paid to him. He now knew no bounds for his joy, and it was long before his mind regained even a moderate degree of composure.

Every spectator was affected to behold so much sensibility and feeling inherent in the breast of one who scarcely bore the semblance of a human being; and all participated in his rejoicing. What a gratifying sight must it not have been for the generous Lapuchin.

The happy youth hurried down to the kibitke, and hastened to release his brother, who was stationed at Gatschina, about forty wersts from St. Petersburg. He soon conducted him back, in triumph, to his now happy family, whom their beneficent sovereign had rescued from misery and starvation. The inhuman author of all their calamities was shortly after dismissed, with infamy, from the Emperour's service.

Alexander! thou best of monarchs!

"How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy
And inborn truth!"

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TASTE.

An old Dialogue with a new varnish, to suit the present fashionable Style.

'MADAM Sophia Herietta Squab, (said a gentleman, in a gay circle of what is called polite company,) will you have the goodness to favour us with a definition of Taste?

'Lord,' (replied Madam Sophia Henrietta Squab, with her usual grace and vivacity,) did any body ever hear such a stupid question?—Why, is not taste every thing, which every body of taste does in polite life? And does not every body know that? And how could you ask me such a stupid question, you odious creature, you?'

'Most excellently answered,' (rejoined the querist) 'upon my honour—very just and very witty—but your Ladyship was born to conquer in every thing. Miss Olivia Ogle, will you be condescending enough to favour me with your opinion on the matter? What is taste?

'There's a question!' (answers Miss Ogle, with a leer round the whole room)—why, what do you think it should be, but to go three times a week to the theatre, and attract the attention of all the audience, and the players into the bargain, by viewing them with an opera glass

from the stage box !'—' Oh, that is not half so *tasty*' (interrupted Miss Acsah Maria Juliana Skipabout) as going every Saturday morning to Labottierre's Pantheon in Pond-street, where we dance waltzes, and make all the fellows fall in love with us ; ha, ha, ha !'—' He, he, he, (echoes back a smooth-faced Macaroni,) let me perish if ever I heard any thing so witty since I was born.' ' Nor I, upon my honour,' (says the querist)—' Will Miss Blab entertain us with her sentiments on this subject ?

' O to be sure, sir—Let me die, but I think it the finest taste in the world to have an officer of the Navy in love with one—and then to be in love with an officer who has been up the Mediterranean with Commodore Preble !'

' The happiest definition I ever heard,' (says the querist) replete with sense, sentiment and elegance. Mrs. Faddle is always good-natured, and will not, I am sure, refuse to be so on this occasion. What think you, Madam, of the subject in dispute ?"

' As I live, Sir, I think a fine neck, white teeth, and a slender arm, naked from the shoulder down below the elbow, to be the *tastiest* things in the world.'

' Oh Lard ! Madam ! no—(rejoins Miss Catharine Abagail Louisa Bellair) how can you say any such thing ?—A broad hat trimmed with love ribband, and knots, and artificial flowers is allowed by every body in the world to be the very thing—Taste itself.'

The decision of the case now came to the gentlemen. The Macaroni, before mentioned, stretching out his legs, and twirling his hat, said, 'he wondered how the devil people could look for taste any where but at Julien's or Whitcomb's.'

'That's strange too, (answered a noted gambler who sat at his elbow) did you ever hear of a man of taste who was not a frequenter of the billiard table?'

'Yes, I have indeed, (replies a fat Justice of the Peace)—Ladies and Gentlemen you're all wrong. You may say what you will about theatres, and waltzes, and officers, and hats, and teeth, and Julien's, and billiards, and such like things. But I'll be pummelled if the best taste of all is not the taste of roast beef and venison.'—

'Excellent definition! most admirable taste!' exclaimed the whole company; while the room echoes round with simperings, titterings and horse-laughs.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

Scene from the Comedy of 'The Soldier's Daughter.'

MODERN RAILLERY.

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, sir, I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners, and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. None at all, Madam; we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners and the plainness of our dealings.

Widow. Indeed, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, Madam; we'll transact you an hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning, without so much as a yes or a no; the pen that crosses the mouth is an emblem of silence; but if we are compelled to answer questions, we always keep in the counting house a dumb, but candid orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Widow. A dumb and honourable orator!—who is that, pray?

Frank H. The Ledger.

Widow. But now you are out of the counting-house, I perceive *your* eloquence is not of that mute nature—*you* are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, madam.

Widow. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, sir; but should I bring you to book, notwithstanding all your boasted regularity, there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have *sometimes* staked your credit at too great a venture. In the case of a *consignment* now, we'll say—for instance—a lady's heart—

Frank H. Oh!—Errours excepted!

Widow. What! you own it, do you?

Frank H. Yes, madam, in a mercantile way. Look you, madam: I am a plain fellow; ndi

ther more nor less than the character I boast, and hope I shall never disgrace—*an English merchant*—I throw down no man's inclosure, trample upon no man's corn, take nothing from the industrious labourer, pay the poor man for his work, and communicate my profit with mankind. I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed, and what I can fairly spare I distribute freely. If you can take for granted an odd wild fellow's report of himself, there it is—you have it, madam.

Widow. Why, really, sir, I never heard a better character; and if you would contrive to get it backed by the church wardens of your parish, I might, perhaps, give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, madam; if you cannot credit the character you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow, I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret. He, perhaps, may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself; he knows me.

Widow. He hinted as much. *(dryly.)*

Frank H. Did he?—then that's all you can expect from him. He hinted to me that he knew *you*—but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close-lipped curmudgeon.

Widow. My situation, sir, is above disguise. I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly; and, retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died, bequeathing to his son and daugh-

ter his sole possessions—his laurels and his honour.

Frank H. Enviable, madam, though not substantial.

Widow. Now, sir, I am my own mistress—accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. I am a single woman—

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. But have been married—

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. My husband dead—

Frank H. (aside) Thank heaven!—I know that too.

Widow. A free disencumbered estate—

Frank H. Damn the estate! I beg your pardon, madam—don't mention the estate. You are single—that's enough: you have been married—did you like the state?

Widow. Yes—I think I did.

Frank H. Humph—think you did!—Fond of your husband?

Widow. Humph—Y—es—I think I was: I was married but three years—did'nt see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha—what!—not in three years?

Widow. No. The sports of the field charmed him from his home always at day break: himself and his friends generally returned in the evening, time enough for a late dinner—drank their wine, and went to bed. The next morning—

Frank H. Well, madam—the next morning?

Widow. The same career commenced again; and so on to the end of the *third chapter*.

Frank H. And, for heaven's sake, madam, how did you behave?

Widow. Why, sir—how *should* I behave?

Frank H. Upon my soul, I can't tell, madam; —but I think I could contrive to get you a lesson in some married family between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Widow. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits. His eyes sparkled with pleasure when I met him at the gate; and as he introduced me to each new guest, he would say, "This is my wife—look at her—she has a heart as open as my wine cellar. My hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it. Kiss me, my girl; make my friends welcome, and let's have a good dinner."

Frank H. And though thus neglected you complied?

Widow. Neglected? I never felt it in that sense. The strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable; an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife: besides, it was his only failing; for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly; his whole estate was at my disposal, either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my sex, or in the more solid sensations of relieving human misery.

Frank H. How shall I convince you that I love you?

Widow. To what purpose would you convince me? You have a heart ventured on another voyage: when it returns you may calculate the profit and loss; if you find it still marketable, perhaps the bargain may be offered—to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phrase, I don't understand you, Madam.

Widow. No, that's surprizing: pray, sir, have you not visited another lady in this house?

Frank H. Madam—a—no—ther lady.

Widow. Yes, Sir, another lady; to whom you were pleased to say, as I am informed, abundance of civil things.

Frank H. Madam!

Widow. You were much struck with her person, and felt a lively concern for her misfortunes.

Frank H. Upon my honour, Madam, you, you, *(aside)* yes, at it again; another scrape!

Widow. A husband will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder; and if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation with a whole skin—

Frank H. He certainly has no right to be displeased with his adventure.

Widow. Am I right, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, Madam, the *entries* are pretty fair; but as to the sum total—

Widow. Oh!—*Errours excepted!*

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha ! That I have accidentally conversed with a lady in this house, does not admit of a doubt : but let the result of that interview be what it may, my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

MUCH stress has always been laid on this passage in Horace, de arte poeticâ sive *Dramaticâ ;*

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi sibi—

and it is supposed, that, in a highly wrought scene of woe, the actor suffers sensibly from the distress of that passion. We have all heard it said, that the effect produced on Mrs. Siddons, from entering too deeply into the feelings, which she so admirably excites in the character of Isabella, has been very alarming ; and that other performers have been unable, at the end of a piece, to walk off the stage. Such may have been the effect, but we are not ready to admit that the true cause has been alleged. Affectation out of the question, it may, in my opinion, arise from excessive fatigue, through violent efforts, but never from the indulgence of the passion which they mimick. Take this anecdote to support the assertion.

Garrick roused the feelings more than any actor on record, and most probably suffered as much from their exertion. However, I have lately learned, from a medical gentleman of eminence, that on his once making the above remark to Tom King, the comedian, he received this reply :—Pooh— he suffer from his feelings ! Why, Sir, I was playing with him one night in Lear, when in the middle of a most passionate and afflicting part, and when the whole house was drowned in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek, whispered '*Damme, Tom, it'll do !*' So much for stage-feelings ! In fine, an actor may make others feel, without feeling himself, as a whetstone can work up steel until it cuts, which the whetstone never does. [*Mirror.*]

An account of a riot at the Haymarket theatre, London, which happened on account of Mr. Dowton's bringing forward a piece called 'The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather,' was given some months since in the Polyanthos ;—in addition to which the following letter is added, as a characteristick document of ignorance, of the transaction itself, and of the illiberal prejudices that have long prevailed concerning the profession of an actor.

August 14, 1805.

"Sir,

"Tis From an *Intemation*, which we have received as Announced to the Publick in Gen-

eral, that You Intend Bringing forth A piece Next thursday Evening, wich tends to *Redicule* and jest the trade of Taylors, an attempt wich *as* Been made twice on Former Occasions, By Quick and Fossett, and No oftener attempted, than *as* Been Baffled by the Vigorous Exertions of that Honourable trade which you now attempt to set forth as Publick Sport, although *Mechanicle* Men, Far beyond the *Redicule* of the Stage, or so Low a Class, I am Astonished that Men of Publick Character, Men that *is* Deem'd Vagabonds By the Law, should attempt to *redicule*, A trade So Ancient and Honourable a Date, and I Cannot Help Expressing My Sorrow that So many *Witts* wich *as* Amused the Publick for such a Length of time, *is* so Empty of Matter, as to have no Other Amusement for your Audienc *then* that wich is Announced, All that I have Inform you of is, that if you will *possist* In Bringing forth this piece next thursday Evening or Any Future period, it will meet with that Reception, wich the piece Merits, and I think I can Promise You what is Very Desirable to a A New Piece, that is a Full House (of those Men which you have so Wisely attempted to Sport on.)

" I am, Sir, yours, &c.

" THE SOCIETY OF *GERNY* MEN TAILORS

" *Held at the Fountain tavourne, Clare-street, Clare-Market.*

ONE evening when there were very few persons in the house at the Italian comedy, Columbine having a secret to whisper—Harlequin said to her—"Speak out, foolish girl! here is nobody to hear you."

THE Italians were forbidden the use of musick, on which a pretended ass was brought upon the stage purposely to bray. "Silence! insolent rascal!" said Harlequin, "musick is forbidden here!"

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

The Lying Valet being one night added as an after-piece to the admirable comedy of *The Devil upon two Sticks*, Garrick, coming into the green-room, cried out to Foote, "Well Sam! I see, after all, you are glad to take up with one of my farces."—"Why yes, David," said the other, "what could I do better? I must have some *ventilator* for this excessive hot weather."

Previously to Foote's bringing out his *Primitive Puppet Show*, at the Haymarket theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?" "Oh dear Madam, no: not much above the size of Garrick."

Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a

gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in Cork? "No, Sir," said he quickly, "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

At the performance of *Pizarro*, a short time since, at one of the provincial theatres in England, when the high priests were addressing the sun, it unfortunately took fire, and the manager who was officiating, first implored his deity---"O power divine!"---then called out to the people behind---"*D----n your eyes, put the sun!*" The manager, alas, continued to swear and the sun to blaze, to the no small amusement of the audience.

SELECT SENTENCES.

There is something extremely flattering to a generous mind, in the idea of administering relief to another's pains, to "explain the thought, *explore* the *asking eye*." What a delightful employment! and, when crowned with success, by a recovery of our patient, we are conscious of an *exultation* of mind, which can *only* arise from the certainty of having done what nature claims, charity enjoins, and heaven approves.

To a mind not perfectly at ease, there is something extremely pleasing in the *quietness* of the

country. It is like that artificial repose, which is acquired by opiates after long watching; like that too, though it neither strengthens nor nourishes, it allows us time to recover our faculties, which are often as much harrassed by living constantly in the midst of crowds, as our nerves are by an acute disease.

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the prodigious activity of *some* women at the call of pleasure, with that indolent life to which many confine themselves:—sometimes they seem all fire, at other times they scarcely breathe.

It is too often the case, that the agreeable qualities of the heart are more attractive than that steady virtue of the soul, which ought ever to form the strongest link of friendship. The easy, cheerful, and entertaining companion, *pleases more* than the determined adherer to reason, virtue, and religion! This is the nature of the human mind—and it is the source of fatal errours.

Affections are the feet of the mind, and therefore set a watch over them, lest they make her miscarry.

Evil thoughts are the devil's harbingers; for he lodgeth not, but where they provide entertainment.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

POETRY.

ADDRESS,

IN DEFENCE OF THE STAGE,

Spoken by Mrs. Dykes, of the Boston Theatre, at her benefit, May 8, 1807.

WHAT various modes have different tastes designed
To charm, instruct, and harmonize the mind!
Some virtuous plan adorned each rising age,
By genius taught, nor least admired—the Stage.
The Greece and Athens saw their rising youth
Imbibe the hallowed sentiments of truth;
Fired with the ardour of some fancied deed,
They'd burn to conquer, or in glory bleed;
Dwelt with kind rapture, on the exalted theme,
Felt, cherished, and confessed the generous flame.
Hence rose that greatness, ages shall admire,—
The Patriot's virtue, and the Soldier's fire,
In godlike daring honourably vied,
And hailed the *Drama*, as their magick guide.
If such the power, ere while it could maintain,
At once *reform*, *improve*, and entertain;
If thus our wise forefathers could be taught,
With valour, science, and with honour fraught;
Why not the same effects in modern days?
Not less *your* taste, nor less refined *our* plays.
O then, ye ornaments of this great age,
Stand forth, and prop the glories of the Stage;

To you the heroes of this rising world,
Who late the thunder of the battle hurled
On freedom's foes, and joined the godlike band,
That blest with liberty, this happy land,
To you the tragick, and the comick muse,
Too long neglected, for protection sues;
Here would they gladly share their lettered store,
Dispense their treasure on Columbia's shore,
And teach your children in dramatick lays,
To tune their numbers to their fathers' praise,
Whose wisdom, valour, and whose dearest blood
Were greatly lavished for their country's good.
Your rising youth, thus taught, shall boldly soar,
And act in life as did their Sires before;
Give all your heroes to the deathless page,
And godlike WASHINGTON adorn the stage;
Shew every leader, by the drama's power,
That gave the blessing of the present hour.
Thus far each Muse commissioned me to plead,
And in your eyes the kind assent I read;
Then while good humour beams on every face,
Ere yet the smile of approbation cease,
On us performers, in this mimick world,
O, let no critick's rage this night be hurled;
Still on your tried indulgence let us build,
Whose generous smiles can imperfections *gild*.
To you we cheerfully submit our cause,
Bow to your censure, while we hope applause.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE WOLF AND WOODEN BEAUTY.

AN OLD FABLE NEW VAMPED.

O Pulchrum Caput !...*Sel. Fab. Æsopi.*

ONCE on a time a Wolf did pop
His head into a Carver's shop,
And there espied a bust of wood,
Made to resemble flesh and blood,
With eyes so black and skin so fair,
And arched brows and curled hair,
With pouting lips, and bosom's swell,
Cheeks painted like a modern belle,
Features in the most tonnish style,
Which simpered a perpetual smile.
He took her for bright beauty's goddess,
With cestus round her Paphian boddice.
But the poor beast had never seen
The blooming charms of Charlotte ——
For had he known the lovelier Charlotte,
He'd thought not on that heavenly harlot,
" O Jove," he cried, " what pangs I feel ;
How handsome, dashy and genteel ;
If such her outward form I find,
What are the beauties of her mind !
Sure she that's so divinely pretty
Must be supremely wise and witty."

He bowed and scraped, first at a distance ;
But finding she made no resistance,

And to his flatteries all the while
Kept up the same enchanting smile,
Like brisk gallant whose roguish trade is
To steal the hearts of simple ladies,
Who when he hopes to gain their favour,
Still takes his cue from their behaviour,
And still applies his arts ensnaring,
Till frowns repulsive check his daring.
So Isgrim made more bold advances
Lured by his timber love's kind glances;
At length he dared assail her honour
And clapped his brutal paw upon her.
But when he found her made of wood,
In dumb perplexity he stood,
Then pawed the soulless beauty o'er,
And finding her a horrid bore,
He thus exclaimed—"Ah what a bite,
This comes from loving at first sight!
Thy features, mien, and tonnish dress,
Seem formed a lover's heart to bless;
But ah! within thy pretty skull,
How mean, how empty and how dull,
Beauty, 'tis true, all hearts enflames,
But what is beauty without brains?"
He said no more, but with a hop,
Growling contempt, he left the shop.

"What have we here?" the Cynick cries,
With frowning brow and critick eyes—

"What childish prattle 'tis to tell
Of talking beast and wooden belle!
A nursery tale, and only meet
To lull a brawling brat to sleep.
Shall we, in this enlightened age,
Quit the delights of Shakespeare's page,
Leave plays and novels and romances
For such poor mawkish childish fancies?
In school-boy days we had enough
Of Æsop's tales, and such like stuff."

But stop, my snarling, pride-puffed Cynick,
This tale has got a moral in it;
And this same moral may apply
Perhaps to boys of six feet high.
Have you not seen?—come, tell me truly,
(I know they're scarce as frost in July,)
Some female heads, no matter where,
Perhaps in Maine, or Delaware,
In Narraganset, or Patucket,
Or Martha's Vineyard, or Nantucket,
For wheresoe'er you did accost one,
We know 'twas not in town of Boston;
For there the gentlemen will swear
The ladies are as *wise* as fair.
Have you not seen some female noddles
As beautiful as Grecian models,
Made perfect the by hand of nature
With nicest symmetry of feature,

. . . . . .

With spangled combs and gay egretts,
Or frizelled, jewelled, smart frizetts,
With essence, curling and pomatum,
Made fine as Lane or Swett could make'em—
Faces that might with Venus vie,
Or give to Helen's charms the lie ;
Eyes, which sparkled with love's wiles ;
Cheeks dimpling forth perpetual smiles ;
And coral lips, which op'd beneath,
Not to converse, but show pearl teeth ;
Have you not seen ?—Zounds, stop your pen ;
Yes, I *have* seen—and pray what then ?

Then if you seek to choose a wife,
To comfort, stay, enliven life,
Not the companion of a day,
But help-meet on life's weary way ;
Not she who thinks that life was made
For dress, and flutter, and parade, ;
Who, scorning sweet domestick duty,
Sighs for the sovereignty of beauty,
And at the play house, mall, or ball,
Though bound to one, would conquer all—
But she who fills with nobler pride,
That female throne the fire side ;
Who, with her bridal dress, lays by
The whims of girlish vanity ;
And, in their stead, with pride embraces
The modest matron's solid graces ;
Who seeks alone the toilet's aid,

To keep the conquest she has made
And makes, and seeks to make alone,
Your interests, cares, and joys her own.

And, should life's olive branches rise
To bless your fond parental eyes,
She who with all a mother's care,
The nursling plants can fondly rear ;
The excrescent shoots with firmness prune,
Each noxious weed with care consume,
Till, nurtured by her fostering hand,
The rising plants grow and expand ;
Bud, blossom, bear—while each survives
The ripened fruits of virtuous lives.

Or should misfortunes dire assail,
And friends look cold and credit fail,
She who through each distressing scene,
Is prudent, constant, and serene ;
Who, when woes cluster, and the frown
Of wealth unfeeling, weighs you down,
With sweet affection's kindly power,
Sustains you in that trying hour ;
Or, on her fond and faithful breast,
Lulls all your sorrows into rest.—
When sickness comes, (as come it must.
To us, weak children of the dust ;
For life, when all its joys we have,
Is but a turnpike to the grave ;
And fever, cholick, stone, and gout,

Are but mere guide posts on the rout.)—
When sickness comes, and fever dire
Awakes its slow consuming fire,
Or, when enraged, the tyrant reigns
Triumphant in your mantling veins;
When watchers fail, and nurses tire,
And hope seems ready to expire,
She, who with ever ready hand,
Takes by your side her patient ſtand;
With velvet step draws nigh your bed,
The pillow smooths beneath your head;
Cools your parch'd tongue with proffer'd sweets;
Though oft repulsed with kindness greets;
With languid smile can still sustain
The wayward petulance of pain,
Echo your groans, your sighs renew,
And seem to suffer more than you.

Come, youthful Bachelors, be candid,
Nor use me as that cynick man did—
An honest answer I require—
Is this the wife that you desire?
If so, before you rashly wed,
Muse on the simple tale you've read;
Before you tie the fatal knot,
Think on the Wolf and Carver's Shop. S.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MR. EDITOR,

If any one of your brethren of the type contemplates the publication of a Newspaper, and should be puzzling himself for a title and motto, and cannot find better, the following are much at his service. S.

THE NEWSMONGER.

Of Mazy faction, politicks, and love
Of union blest, of youthful married pair,
Or bitter rue of age, with sweetest bud
Of rosy youth, by frolick H ymen tied
In grotesque bundle, of weeping widow
And orphan babes by dreadful accident
Bereaved, of monstrous births, and monsters brought
From distant climes to feast the curious eye
And lurch the treasured cent from gaping youth,
Of patent points and pills, and trader sly
Threatening with lawyer, ruthless writ and jail
His trembling debtor ; of tardy hectick
Or pestilence swift winged ; vindictive storm,
Appalling earthquake and tornado fell,
Or war, far more destructive in its rage ;
The Newsmonger shall tell. Oh as you read,
Let deep reflection mark the varied tale.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TO PSYCHE.

Shall *female friendship* ever be
The butt of male malignity ?

Shall each proud stupid blockhead say,
" Our friendships are but for a day ;
That all our passions are combined,
To drive that virtue from the mind ;
That vanity, with busy hands
Still breaks its pure celestial bands ;
That man alone was born to know
What real joys from friendship flow ;
That women still must be content
With love's soft soothing blandishment ?"
But let such nonsense be the theme
On which proud witlings vent their spleen ;
Our friendship, which the nurs'ry brightened,
Which eighteen summers suns have ripened,
Shall long remain to give the lie
To such vain glorious phantasy ;
And 'tho that idiot chit, beau Cupid,
Should to our merits still prove stupid,
Nor point his darts from our bright eyes
To make some tinsel fops our prize ;
Yet still, by friendship's bands united,
We'll never feel that we are slighted ;
But let our bright example move
Dull beaux to *envy*, if not *love*. COLLINA.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

LINES
On the Death of an Infant.

In life's parterre, what numerous germs disclose,
The loveliest tints, the sweetest blushing dies !

Th' enraptured florist views the opening rose,
Screen's it from every ruder wind that blows,
And richer future charms in embryo espies.
But ah! the spoiler stalks abroad, whose breath
Is pestilence, whose chilly touch is death!
With merc'less hand he crops the flower,
And all its promised beauty flies,
It falls beneath his baneful power,
Its sweets are scattered in an hour,
It shrinks, it withers, droops and dies.
Yet mourn not, ye, whose fostering love and care
To culture a beloved plant, has failed;
'Tis but transplanted to a garden where
Eternal summer smiles; 'twill flourish there
In living hues, by spoilers unassailed.
Farewell, sweet cherub! though our tears
Flow for the loss thy friends sustain,
We yet rejoice that added years
Nor gave thee pain, nor them new fears—
A loss to them, to thee eternal gain.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,

The savage and the human breast
  Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
  Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
  Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys
  On fools and villains ne'er descend.
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
  And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
  O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
  On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thy ardours cease to glow.
  When souls to blissful climes remove;
What raised our virtue here below,
  Shall aid our happiness above.

THE GIANT ANGLING.

His angle rod made of the sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobb'd for whale.

THE DRAMA.

BOSTON THEATRE.

APRIL 27.—*Much Ado about Nothing.* This play introduced Mrs. Stanley in the character of *Beatrice*, which she sustained in her best manner. Mr. Bernard's *Benedict* was also distinguished by his customary spirit and vivacity. *Dogberry* and *Verges*, by Messrs. Dickenson and Fox, were truly laughable, and might fairly challenge the most long faced puritan to preserve the gravity of his countenance. Of the other parts, the less is said the better.

MAY 4.—*Alfonso.* Mrs. Shaw, to gratify her desire of *filling* all the *great* parts in tragedy, made choice of this play for her benefit. If *bulk* alone is requisite in the character of *Ottilia*, there is no actress, at present, on the boards who can dispute the pre-eminent claims of Mrs. Shaw. It is hardly possible to look at her, but the thoughts of Dame Quickly unavoidably pop into one's head ; and her face which is literally the "figure of fun," always creates laughter even in the most solemn scenes. It is by no means a gratification to us to see any performer speaking to naked walls, and we sincerely hope that Mrs. Shaw's *beggarly account of empty boxes*, will convince her of the truth of what she has

been so frequently told—that in the *Mrs. Malaprops* she is a publick favourite, while in the walks of tragedy she cannot fail of exciting aversion and dislike.—We believe Mrs. Shaw was perfect in the language of the author, a compliment which, if we except Mrs. Powell, can by no means be applied to any other performer in the piece.

May 6.—*The Curfew*, first time in America. Much has been said, and much written on this posthumous play of Tobin. We cannot deny that the plot possesses very strong interest, and the language, in many passages, is characterized by boldness of thought, and superlative beauty of expression. But whether it is entitled to that extravagant and unqualified praise which its admirers bestow upon it, we leave for the Reviewers of Literature to determine. As to the performance, some of the parts were above and others below mediocrity. Mr. Usher in *Fitzharding* evinced just conception of character, and indefatigable industry in study. We have no doubt Mr. Caulfield is every way competent to the character of the *Baron*, and wonder that he should tamely submit to the *officiousness* of a *whisperer* behind the wing, who kept a continual buzzing, to the no small vexation of all the audience who had ears. *Robert* by Mr. Fox, and *Florence* by Mrs. Stanley, were well supported. The scene in which *Robert* discovers *Florence* to be a woman, was played in a

style superiour to any other in the piece. Mrs. Powell played *Matilda* in a manner highly creditable to her reputation.

MAY 8.—*The Glory of Columbia*, first time in Boston. This catch-penny production is attributed by some to William Dunlap, Esq. of New-York, and by others to the late Mr. Brown, of Boston. Contention for the honour of being its author is, however, quite unncessary. Mr. Dunlap is living, and can claim the brat if he chooses; and the friends of Mr. Brown ought to be so kind to his memory, as not to commence a prosecution against any body who is willing to own it. Where, in the name of wonder, could the author pick up such a gallimaufry of nonsense? Where did he get 'David Williams' and his 'Sister Sal,' with their 'mush and molasses,' and their long stories about 'milk-pails and cow yards, pigs and petticoats?' In what country did he find *Dennis O'Bog*, with his knapsack full of potatoes, and his mouth full of ridiculous tales of 'spectacles' and 'women without noses?'—*Glory of Columbia* truly!—

We can say nothing more of the performance than that it ended in *smoke*.

MAY 13.—"A grand romantick melo-drama, in three acts, interspersed with musick, chorus, combats, &c. called RUDOLPH, or the *Robbers of Calabria*, written by Mr. Turnbull."—"A grand spectacle view of the burning of the frigate *Philadelphia*, in the harbour of Trip-

cli—a view of the Harbour, Town, and Fortifications of Tripoli."—"A grand—[keep your temper, good reader]—A grand military heroick Pantomime, called THE MAID OF HUNGARY, or *The Rigid Father*, performed in London upwards of ninety nights, and at the theatres New-York, Charleston, &c. with unbounded applause; by Mr. Turnbull." Patience, just Heaven! Is all this by Mr. Turnbull? and all for one evening's entertainment? Yes, gentle reader; and if you wish for a taste of these dramatick luxuries, here are two small *tid-bits* taken from the first course—

"Now, sir, I hope you'll believe me. And give me leave to tell you we shall finish our search by dashing ourselves down some dreadful precipice. Ough! how dark it is! what thick underwood! Lord, Sir, we muſt surely partake of the nature of a *weesel* to force a paſſage any farther." *Rudolph*, p. 5.

Excellent!!

"Hark! some one descends from above! My Albert, resume the posture, and if possible the gestures of a man newly perished." *Ibid.* p. 44.

Excellentissimo!!!

May 20. *The Soldier's Daughter.*—The character on which this pleasant comedy chiefly depends for success is the *Widow Cheerly*, and we think, that aided by the fascinating talents of Mrs. Stanley, it cannot fail of being a favourite

the next season. Mrs. S. has seldom been seen to greater advantage. The whole play was performed with more spirit and correctness than is usual at the benefits, where they are studied from one night to the next.—The part of *Malfort's Child* was performed by Miss Fox, to whose benefit the night was appropriated. This little wonder of the Boston stage is only *five* years old, and has performed in the course of the season *Edward* in *Every One has his Fault*—*The Page* in the *Purse*—and several other parts of less consequence. When we say that her performances have been *wonderful* we wish to be understood as speaking of a *child*. We have no hesitation, however, in declaring our firm belief that her efforts are at least equal to those of the Miss *Fishers* and Miss *Mudies* on the other side of the Atlantick.

Between the acts of the farce Mr. Fox led out this little favourite, who delivered to the audience the following VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, written for the purpose, by R. T. PAINE, jun. Esquire.

Farewell, a long farewell! dear patrons, friends!
This parting scene my infant bosom rends,
For spite of all my joy to see you here,
My heart will throb, and gush the frequent tear.
In you, my foster parents I behold;
Your kindness bade my tender mind unfold;
Warm'd by your smiles you saw me sportive run,
A little insect, fluttering in the sun;

Urchin I am, but me you've always lov'd,
My faults you pardon'd, and my tricks approv'd;
My heart will break to be remov'd from you,
And oh! My Mother, she has lov'd you too.
Full well you knew the faults of childish years;
The bud must blossom, ere the fruit appears,
And oft by smiling you have seem'd to say,
I'd grow a woman on some future day.
And then some beau gallant my face might charm,
"Heav'n save the mark," these eyes may do some harm;
Oh! how I've long'd that I might older grow,
To join this mimick world of joy and woe;
And teach some future scene, with graceful ease,
To charm like Stanley, or like Powell please;
But oh! those fairy prospects now are o'er,
Farewell! perhaps we part to meet no more;
Pardon a child, forgive her artless tears,
She leaves the friends she loves, esteems, reveres;
Whate'er in life may be my varied lot,
Boston, dear Boston, ne'er shall be forgot;
Nor time shall bar, nor distance interfere,
My heart shall still return to visit here;
And if success attend my riper days,
How proud I'll be to have deserv'd your praise,

Farewell!—a sad farewell!—Sires, Guardians, Friends!
May Heaven, whose bounty all our blessings sends,

Pluck from *life's path* the *thorn* that would molest,
And smooth *death's pillow*, as you sink to rest!
And then receive you, borne on white wing'd hours,
Thro' opening clouds, to joys eternal bowers!

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE Boston Theatre closed for the season on the 25th May. The company are all engaged for the next season, except Mr. Fox, who goes to Charleston.

Mr. Cromwell, the gentleman who appeared on the Boston stage in *Romeo*, *Octavian*, &c. in the winter of 1802, is likewise engaged by the managers. He has since been playing at the southern theatres.—Report says we are also to have Mr. Jefferson, who is well remembered by the lovers of laughter and fun.

Mr. and Mrs. Darley and Mr. Morse have visited Charleston since the close of the New-York theatre. Mr. M. and Mrs. D. made their first appearance on the Charleston boards in the characters of *Pierre* and *Belvidera*.

The Columbian Museum.

Messrs. Bowen & Doyle have nearly completed a new building for the Columbian Museum. It has a spacious and elegant hall with three galleries; and in addition to what was saved

from the fire of last winter, is to be decorated with an elegant painting, commemorative of that event. It will probably be an attracting place of amusement during the summer season.

Portrait of Mr Sullivan.

Mr. G. Fox has issued proposals for publishing by subscription an engraved likeness of the Hon. James Sullivan. The art of engraving has hitherto been shamefully neglected in our country; and an artist who could produce a well-engraved portrait has rarely been found. Mr. Fox has our cordial wishes for his success.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

To the frequent inquiries of our readers "Why are the promised extracts from *Dibdin's Tour* discontinued?" we answer—*The book was lent us, not through politeness or friendship as we at first were simple enough to imagine, but from a mean and selfish motive, and is not now in our possession.*—If they are not answered yet, we further inform them that—*Had the reviewer of Boston theatricals in the Polyanthos, No. 16, p. 287, been venal enough to applaud the* 'stiff and starch' *appearance and four-foot queue of* Major O'Flaherty, *they might still have been gratified with the elegant* Letters of Mr. Dibdin.

'Collina's Portrait'—'Eliza'—and several other favours, necessarily excluded this month.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

JUNE, 1807.

SULIMAN MELLIMELNI.

TO gratify the curiosity of our readers, we have procured for an embellishment to this number of the Polyanthos an elegant and correct likeness of His Excellency SULIMAN MELLIMELNI, late Ambassadour from the Court of Tunis to the United States.

All we know of the life and character of this personage, was gained from the conversation of a Tunisian gentleman, who was in the suite of His Excellency during his late mission to our government, and can be comprised in few lines: —He is between sixty and seventy years of age; is descended from a family of the *Kul Ugli*, a name given to families of Turkish descent, to distinguish them from the aboriginal inhabitants of Tunis. He is one of the first Lawyers and

Statesmen of his country ; has been a soldier, honoured with the command of the Bashaw's army, and has frequently signalized himself in the wars of Tunis with the Turks and Algerines.

He was sent to the United States in 1805, to settle some commercial relations between the two countries. After completing the business of his mission, he visited the principal towns in the U. S. and was treated with much attention and respect. He was in Boston at the celebration of Independence in July, 1806, and sailed from hence in September following for his native country.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. VII.

Whose only care was to be gay without
And beggarly within.

To think and act for itself is the characteristick of an independent and ingenuous mind. The present age is an age of imitation. The current of popular caprice sets strongly, and by the rapidity of its motion bears down reason and prudence. The suggestions of reason and the monitions of wisdom are feeble barriers against the vortex of fashionable folly.

We would not become a cynick, nor act the part of a misanthrope. While we despise the being, whose pliability teaches him blindly to follow the path because others have trodden it, we acknowledge the propriety of complying, in some small degree, with the whims and humour of the age. The willow that bows submissive to every passing breeze, will outlive the sturdy, unaccommodating oak. But the fop, who devotes his attention to the 'frippery of dress,' and whose business is fashion, deserves our reprehension. Contemptible, truly contemptible is the man, whose ambition is to be a machine, which every one may regulate as fancy or interest may direct. Who would be a harp, on which each one can strike what note he pleases? a weathercock, which turns with every breeze?

Fashion is a goddess, governed by whim and caprice. She is at once blindly ridiculous and ridiculously blind. Attended by Novelty and Folly, and followed by those who can, in nothing, take the lead, she glides along in all the vagaries of eccentricity. Her votaries think as she thinks, and move as she moves. Impelled by a blind impulse, they sacrifice on her altar, health, happiness and morality. Simplicity, we had nearly said *Modesty*, is erased from the vocabulary of Fashion. *Nature* is buried in *Art*.

The ladies have borne the reputation of being too much addicted to that fashionable fol-

ly, the folly of fashion. We love them for their virtues, we admire them for their charms, and we acknowledge their refinement. They give life its zest, they polish and refine. Without them civilization would degenerate, and man become rude and unsocial. The sun of heaven has spots, and woman, the burnisher of existence, has her foibles. Many, too many of those, who were designed for an 'help-meet for man,' by their blind devotion to fashion, destroy his fond hopes of domestick ease and happiness. To be decked in all the tinsel finery of the age, to steal the colours from the rainbow, to imitate the butterfly, and 'to see and be seen,' is the height of their ambition, the zenith of their glory.

Is it not strange that woman, possessing brilliancy of intellect, wit and vivacity, should degrade herself to a level with the painted doll? should think her fine face and symmetry of form were given her but to be gazed at, and her mind valuable only as a mean of displaying them to the greatest advantage? Yet she may plead, in extenuation of her errour, her situation, her education, and the prevalence of a principle, as general as destructive, that that the other sex are more pleased with beauty than merit. She is soon taught that she is handsome; and beauty is generally accompanied by vanity. They are informed that extrinsick and superficial ornaments are more sought and in higher estimation, than the more

substantial excellence of the mind. The conduct of too many, to whom *form* alone has given the appellation of *men*, confirms this opinion. Were men to pay their attention only to the virtuous, gentle, amiable and accomplished female; could merit bear the palm from folly; then should we behold a change in the female world.

But for

'The spruce beau,
'That lean, sweet-scented, and palaverous fool,'

whose senses are wearied in embellishing his own sweet person, there is no excuse. Prostituting the richest boon of heaven, he merits ineffable contempt.

To the man of sense, to the soul of reflection, there cannot be an object of greater pity joined to contempt, than the flippant fop. A compound of affectation and folly, he is 'a whited sepulchre,' varnished without, 'within full of all uncleanliness.' Narcissus, contemplating his shadow in the water, was changed to a daffodil; the fop, whose god is himself, and whose altar is his mirror, should be changed to the insect he most resembles---a butterfly. Good heaven! is this the employment of rational beings? Was man created but to adorn his person? Are sense and reason to be sacrificed to finery of dress? Can the senses of man comprehend nothing beyond the colour of a ribband?

Neatness in dress is commendable. If a fashion be innocent, its adoption may be politick; but health, convenience and utility are blessings too valuable to be immolated to fashion. If we would be independent, let us think for ourselves, let us be directed by principle. He is always an infant, who, from fifteen to fifty, is in fashion's leading-strings. The flattery of a thousand fawning sycophants speaks not so loud as the whispers of an approving conscience. Sensible that the praise of the foolish and vicious is rather to be shunned than sought, let our actions conform to the suggestions of minds free and unbiassed. Thus shall we hold sacred the dignity of our nature, and secure the approbation of the virtuous. J.

May, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MR. EDITOR,

The following Letter was some years ago sent to a young country clergyman (notorious for using hard words) in behalf of his congregation, by a gentleman who accidentally heard one of his sermons. It was published in the Royal American Magazine, 1774; *but I presume will be new to most of your readers.* K.

*To the most Deuteronomical, Paradoxological, Pantophilological Linguist, Mr. *****.*

SIR,

THE unanimous and humilimous desiderations, as well of your parochian, as hic et ubiquitarian, semipaganian auditors, beg leave submissively to remonstrate; that although by your spacious proems and spacious introductions, promising great perspicuity in predication, you endeavour to inveigle our affections, in order to indoctrinate our agricolated intellects; yet through the caliginous sublimity of internexed conundrums, tenitruating with obstreperous cadences, you rather obfuscate than illuminate our a b c darian conceptions, so that we generally return not at all edified, but confounded, puzzled, and astonished. We therefore, for our souls' good, (in lone esperance, that your urbanity will not be exasperated at the presentation of these our cordial desires) do from the nadir of our rusticity, almacanterise to the very zenith of your unparalleled sphere of activity, in beseeching your exuberant genius to nutricate our rational appetites with intelligible theology, suitable to our plebeian apprehensions, and to recondite your acroamatical locutions for more scholastick auscultors. For while our first, second and third selves, and our domesticks, all of Ignoramus's offspring, hear you gigantize in lycophronian

and phariginous raptures, in words we never met with in holy writ, as corrolaries, ephemeries, and such other heterogeneal language, without dilucidation of their genuine signification, we lose the whole system of your doctrine in admiration of your eximious erudition. Being therefore under a panick timidity, lest we should see a restauration of the dialect of Babel, and that some sesquipedalian circumforomeous saltimbanco should mount the rostrum, and after your example should in spagirical bombast repuzzle the quintessentials of our ingeniosities with more amalgamations, cohabitations, and fixations, we beg you to call to mind St. Austin's saying ; *mallem ut reprehendant grammatici, quam non intelligant populi ;* I had rather the grammarians should blame, than that the people should not understand me.

And now, egregious sir, we supplicate your clemency not to look upon these lines as derogatory to your most exquisite parts and profound science, for we rather admire such superlative acquisitions ; which however we humbly opine, are most proper to be displayed among learned academicians, than mechanical and agrestuas auditors. And we existunate ourselves abundantly justified in this our humble application by the authority of St. Paul, much greater than that of St. Austin, who says, *If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh, a barbarian ; and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me.*

And thus having copulated our plebeian endeavours, we exasculate the subumbration of your subligacles; and sooner shall the surges of the sandiferous sea ignify and evaporate, than the cone of our duty toward you be in the least unconcatenate or dissolved, always wishing you health and happiness.

A, B, C, D, &c.

THE CASTLE OF DUNSINANE.

The author of the "Statistical account of Scotland," happened, 1772, to take an excursion to Perthshire, and being accidentally led to visit the remains of Dunsinnan castle, took a sketch of them, as they appeared at that time, and collected all the traditions respecting the History of Macbeth, that were current in the neighbourhood. The story purported, that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years in Carnbeddie, in the neighbouring parish of St. Martin's, which the country people call Carnbeth, or Macbeth's Castle, and where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During those times witchcraft was very prevalent in Scotland, and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on each hand of Macbeth, one at Collace, the other not far from Dunsinnan House, at a place called the

Cape.* Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn, applied to them for advice; and, by their counsel, he built a lofty castle, upon the top of an adjoining hill, since called Dunsinnan, which, in the Gaelick language, signifies *the hill of ants*, implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite for collecting the materials of so great a building. It was by nature strong, as well as fortified by art, being partly defended by high outer rocks, and partly surrounded by an outer wall, which enclosed a considerable space of ground, for exercising the men, &c. There was also a fosse, which joined the wall and outer rocks, and a high rampart which environed the whole, and defended the castle, itself large and well fortified. From the top of the hill there is an extensive view of above fifty miles every way, comprehending Fifeshire, the hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Glen-Almond, Crieff, the hills in the neighbourhood of Blair-Athol, and Braemar; Strathmore also, and a great part of Angus, are immediately under view. In short, there could not be a more commanding situation.

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth *the giant*, as the coun-

* The moor where the witches met, which is in the parish of St. Martin's, is yet pointed out by the country people; and there is a stone still preserved, which is called the *Witches' stone*.

try people call him, he marched first towards Dunkeld, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the north. This led him to Birnam wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction, or from some other motive, to ornament their bonnets, or to carry about with them in their hands, the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spy whom Macbeth had stationed to watch their motions. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' prediction, who had warned him to beware "when Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane:" and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted it, and, flying, ran up the the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and was buried at *The lang Man's Grave*,* as it is called, which is still extant.

Such were the traditions in the neighbourhood of Dunsinane Castle, in 1772; and the

* It would be worth while to examine this grave, as some curious facts might be ascertained from it. It is proper to add, that not far from it is the road, where, according to the tradition of the country people, Banquo was murdered.

reader will naturally be struck with the resemblance between them and the celebrated play which Shakespeare founded on the history of Macbeth. There is every reason, indeed, to believe, that our great dramatist was upon the spot himself, and was inspired with such uncommon poetical powers from having viewed the places, where the scenes he drew were supposed to have been transacted. In Guthrie's History of Scotland, it is stated, that, anno 1599, king James desired Elizabeth to send him, in that year, a company of English comedians; with which request she complied; and James gave them a licence to act in his capital, and before his court. "I have great reason," he adds, "to think that the immortal Shakespeare was of the number." And in the "Statistical account of Perth," we are told, that plays were actually exhibited in Perth, only a few miles from Dunsinane, in 1589. It is extremely improbable that the occurrences, as narrated by Shakespeare, and the traditions of the country, could have borne so strong a resemblance, unless he had gathered them upon the spot himself, or employed some other person for that purpose. The only material difference is, that, according to tradition, Macbeth threw himself from the top of a rock; but is was much more poetical, as narrated by Shakespeare, his falling by the hands of Macduff, whom he had so greatly injured.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 9.

Κρεσσον μελπομένω τεῦ ἀκθέμεν, η μέλι λέιχειν.
THEOC.

In the further perusal of the *Village Curate*, we find the author describing Alcanor at his study—

What time he sits
Eager to clothe the new-born thought, and wooes
The maiden Meditation, hard to win,
For terms of apt significance.

He is represented as watching

the progress of the morning sun,
As northward from his equinox he steers—

and

the cautious pace
Of slow returning Spring, e'en from the time
When the first matted apricot unfolds
His tender bloom, till the full orchard glows.

After moralizing on the beauties of May, and mourning to think how soon "the blooming year shall fade," the author proceeds to reason with the "thoughtless stubborn Sceptick," who can

to blind chance ascribe
The scene so wonderful, so fair and good—

and concludes his solemn appeal to the atheist with the following lines—

O tell me not, most subtle disputant,
That I shall die, the wick of life consumed,
And, spite of all my hopes, drop in the grave,
Never to rise again. Will the great God,
Who thus by annual miracle restores
The perished year, and youth and beauty gives,
By resurrection strange, where none was asked,
Leave only man to be the scorn of time
And sport of death? Shall only he one spring,
One hasty summer, and one autumn see,
And then to winter irredeemable
Be doomed, cast out, rejected and despised?
Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy
The melancholy thought. Am I deceived?
So let me be for ever. If I err,
It is an errour sweet and lucrative.
For should not heaven a farther course intend
Than the short race of life, I am at least
Thrice happier than thee, ill-boding fool,
Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly
That I not fear. But I *shall* live again,
And still on that sweet hope shall my soul feed.
A medicine it is, that with a touch
Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,
That makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,
And of her hornet sting so keen disarms
Cruel Adversity——

We next find Alcanor with Julia, Isabel and, Eliza, strolling over the fields and meadows

to follow and admire
The graces infinite of nature.

After contemplating the beauties of the lily of the vale, the sleepy crocus, the starring daisy and the love-sick cowslip, their attention is arrested by the dandelion, which is compared to

A college youth that flashes for a day
All gold ; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
Touch'd by the magick hand of some grave bishop,
And all at once, by commutation strange,
Becomes a Reverend Divine. How sleek!
How full of grace ! and in that globous wig
So nicely trimmed, unfathomable stores,
No doubt, of erudition most profound :
Each hair is learned, and his awful phiz,
A well-drawn title page, gives large account
Of matters strangely complicate within.
Place the two doctors each by each, my friends.
Which is the better ? say. I blame not you,
Ye powdered periwigs, that hardly hide,
With glossy suit, and well-fed paunch to boot,
The understanding lean and beggarly.
But let me tell you, in the pompous globe,
That rounds the dandelion's head, is couched
Divinity most rare. I never pass
But he instructs me with a still discourse,
That more persuades than all the vacant noise

Of pulpit rhetorick ; for vacant 'tis,
And vacant must it be, by vacant heads
Supported.

The various birds that fill the vale with "cheerful sound of woodland harmony," form the next subject of meditation for Alcanor and his attendants. For each of the feathered songsters they find a parallel among the various classes of mankind—

Now we hear
The golden wood-pecker, that like the fool
Laughs loud at nothing. Now the restless pye,
So pert and garrulous. A goſſip she,
And she has been to town to learn the news.
O you shall hear her tell, how being hid
In goody Grabson's beans, she overheard
The tattling dames relate, 'Lord, what d'ye think!
The Parson's to be married—Betty Bounce
Will soon be brought to bed—the 'squire is sick—
Julia has parted with her maid—they say
Eliza paints, and Isabel's a shrew—
More taxes yet—the minister's a fool—
Corn will be cheap—what shall we farmers do ?—
My lady Bountiful has had a fit—
Ay, let her die—they say she means to leave
A fortune to the poor—good rest to her soul—
She is no better than she should be—that
'Twixt you and I.'—And so from morn to night
Your scandal-monger prates, and tells you all

The secret springs that actuate the state,
The minister, the people. She can see,
With half an eye, who stands who falls, who rises,
Who little merits, and who best deserves,
And so she murders truth and propagates
The publick lie, extorting many a tear
And many a sigh from wounded innocence.

Observe the glossy raven in the grass,
Making rude courtship to his negro mate.
O he's a flatterer, and in his song,
If such it may be called, her charms recites.
He tells her of her bosom black as jet,
Her taper leg, her penetrating eye,
Her length of beak, her soft and silky wing
Her voice so tunable; then waddles round,
Begins again, and hopes she will be kind.
But all in vain. Alarmed he claps his wing
And flies; she much against her will pursues.

The author follows the Curate through the remainder of his rambles, and thus concludes the second division of his poem:

So have I sung Alcanor and the fair,
Through the slow walk and long beloitered day
Of early summer. Let him read that will;
And blame me not, if in an afternoon
I hardly stray a single mile from home.
It is my humour. Let him speed that will,
And fly like cannon-shot from post to post;

I love to stop, and quit the publick road,
To gain a summit, take a view, or pluck
An unknown blossom. What if I dismount,
Under the pleasant lee, or idly roam
Athwart the pasture, diligent to mark
What passes next?—

I love my liberty; and if I sing,
Will sing to please myself, bound by no rule,
The subject of no law.—I cannot think
The path of excellence is only hit
By servile imitation. In a path
Peculiarly his own, great Handel went,
And justly merits our applause, though not
The Homer of his art. In a new path
Went Shakespeare, nobly launching forth,
And who shall say he has not found perfection,
Though not a Sophocles. Ye shallow wits,
Who bid us coast it in the learned track,
Nor quit the sight of shore, there is in art
A world unknown, whose treasures only he
Shall spy, and well deserve, who proudly scorns
The withered laurel, and exulting steers
Far from the customed way. My slender bark
Perchance has rushed into a boisterous sea,
That soon shall overwhelm her: yet I fear
No storms the furious elements can rouse,
And if I fail, shall deem it noble still
To founder in a brave attempt. Once more

The cheerful breeze sets fair; we fill our sail
And scud before it. When the critick starts,
And angrily unties his bags of wind,
Then we lay to, and let the blast go by.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
BOULEVARDS AT PARIS.

[*From Holcroft's Travels.*]

The North Boulevards, at Paris, planted with a double row of trees, are thus depicted:

"To go through the catalogue, would be impossible; it is much too vast. Stalls of dirty books: tressels with toys; sellers of cakes and canes; fan-menders, bead-stringers, beggars, quacks, tumblers, and show-booths; fellows displaying tricks of legerdemain; venders of miraculous dyes and powders, who dip bits of white ribbon in a liquor that turns them pink; orators parotting over twopenny systems of geology, and the order of the universe; teachers of secrets that will enable the buyer to cut glass under water, etch landscapes upon egg-shells, engrave portraits by pricking paper with pins and dusting it with lamp-black; these, intermingled with the display of milliners, linen-drapers, print-sellers, and a variety of trades, continued through an avenue, two miles in length, spacious, enlivened, as I have said, with carria-

ges, and adorned by lofty trees, gardens and hotels, with the gates, or rather, the triumphal arches, of St. Denis and St. Martin, the structure that was the Opera house, these, I say, and thousands of other objects, which no memory can retain, if the reader can arrange and put them together, will form a something that he may imagine to be the Boulevards of Paris.

"What has been said is but a partial and barren abstract of the place. To give a mere table of contents, which, at last, will be very imperfect, to the things already noticed, many others must be added. If contrasted with various of the nations in Europe, the French are an active and industrious people; but compared to the English, they are great idlers; and, for the class of idlers, the Boulevards is one of the principal places of resort. The consequence of this is, that numbers of those who make it their trade to amuse the idle, here take their stations.

"Beginning at la Rue St. Honoré, and proceeding toward the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, after passing the forlorn columns of la Madelaine, we soon arrive at the garden des Capucines. It formerly belonged to a convent, but the garden and the building are now become the mingled abode of idleness and industry. Here, paperhangers, cabinet-makers, and other tradesmen, have their warehouses; while, beside them, are petty tailors, barbers, obscure coffee-houses, and billiard-tables, in rooms that scarcely admit the light of day. These are in the cloisters, where

the secluded used to walk ; and in the rooms, or, if you please, the cells they so lately inhabited.

" In other compartments, are show-men, great and small : Robertson, and his phantasmagoria ; his neighbour, I forget his name, as great a philosopher as himself, who writes hydraulicks, and I know not what other bombastick terms over his door, and intermingles the spouting of water, and the sparkling of gunpowder, to the great astonishment and instruction of the Parisians.

" At a small distance, in the garden, the panorama of Lyons, and that of Toulon, are or were exhibited ; and opposite to this, is the booth of Franconi, who has taught horses to dance almost as miraculously graceful as Mr. Astley himself, and employs his faculties with scarcely less benefit to the publick.

" Between the two, is their ancient rival, Punchinello, accompanied by king Solomon and all his court, or, at least, by something no less pompous in recital. Will you accept a short extract from a handbill which the prime minister of this renowned person distributes at his door ?

' *Punchinello to the Ladies.*

' Here I am, Ladies ! After a trip into the country, you find me again in the garden of the Capucines, near the iron gate that faces the Boulevard Caumartin.

' Wherever you tread, we but follow your traces ;
The hotel's a hut, unadorned by the graces.

Embellished and honoured, our booth we compare
To the seat of the gods, when the ladies are there.

THE LADIES.—Punchinello is gallant!

PUNCHINELLO.—Ladies, I am but the echo of the whole universe.'

"From the fine words of Mr. Punchinello, it would be natural to conclude he was a person of consequence, and had some extraordinary place and apparatus for the display of his feats. I defy the reader to imagine any thing more mean, poverty-struck, and dirty, than him and his whole paraphernalia. It was comick beyond the power of description, yet almost afflicting, to look at and listen to the man who harangued and distributed these bills: he was wretchedness personified. And then!—the passing graces! to whom he thus poetically addressed himself! The ladies, that were to embellish his booth, and render it the abode of the gods! Well, well; he only spoke the language of, and pretended to be no more than the echo of, the universe entire.

"Let it not be imagined that this is a solitary instance of the grace, the gallantry, and the poetry, of Paris; similar and even more extraordinary proofs occur in every corner. They are so numerous, that the difficulty is to select. How does it happen that they so often pass unnoticed? We all walk through the world with our eyes shut or this would be a very instructive book."

ANECDOTE OF A CORNISH BOROUGH.

From the Lounger's Common-Place Book.

A LAUGHABLE story was circulated, during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the publick in various forms. This nobleman with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet, as almost eaten up by his zeal for the house of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word; this sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments, but it was his tendency to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object, the duke, *by well-applied arguments*, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman *he* recommended gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as

forever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, an honest fellow, *as things go*, and who would have thought himself sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke *for his kindness*, and told him "The supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking the moment it is vacant."—"But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."—"The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedom of a contested election, "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he

was visiting, without a wish or a desire of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years. But the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's-inn fields, at the corner of Great Queen-street.

The reader should be informed, that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shewn up stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep; for with a thousand singularities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst

enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour. The porter, settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers.

To his first question, 'Is the duke at home?' the porter replied, 'Yes, and in bed, but has left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly.'—'God forever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman,' cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister so accurately keeping his promise; how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe verily they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them;' repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of ******* was ushered into the duke's bed-chamber.

'Is he dead?' exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the king of Spain, 'Is he dead?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. 'When did he die?'—'the day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a *power of doctors' stuff;* and I hope your

grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him.'

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid, in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of the king's messenger's applying for his son-in-law to succeed the king of Spain : ' Is the man drunk or mad ? Where are your dispatches ?' exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized, at the bed side the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and ' hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law, at the last election at *******.'

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances ; yielding to the irritation, he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes with observing, ' Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relation of his old acquaintance on the throne of his catholick majesty, he advanced him to a post, *not less honourable*, he made him an exciseman.'

SOME PARTICULARS OF

THE LATE MR. DENMAN,

Of the Theatre-Royal Haymarket.

The vulgar are commonly very positive, thinking themselves possessed of absolute certainty in almost every thing they know. This happens from their weighing their evidences singly, which will naturally produce such effect; for we can judge of weights only by their opposition, because any one thrown in alone, drives down the scale forcibly. But the contemplative use themselves to compare the judgment as well of the sense, as of the understanding. It has been remarked upon the subject of biography, that the lives of persons eminent for learning and literary genius, are more edifying and delightful than the lives of all the military heroes ever written. This remark has been censured, but whoever considers it well, will not join in such censure. Whoever considers the many horribly attendant miseries which conduct to military heroism, will agree that its deeds are neither eminently worthy nor virtuous, when set against what is gone through in the attaining them; and that those very circumstances which constitute its splendour, are, in the eye of reason, its disgrace.

William Denman, the subject of this memoir, was born in Rochester. He was the eldest of

four sons of a most worthy and respectable warrant officer in the Royal Navy, who, after more than forty years service, and being promoted as far as his station admitted, retired upon a pension. Mr. Denman was six years of very early life with his father, and was rated a midshipman with a view to preferment, but the influence of maternal tenderness prevailed against this way of life, and at twelve years of age he went to live with his mother, who was a Cornish woman, at East Looe.

In this obscure town, there was, however, a very good grammar school, kept by Mr. Jonah Binns, a quaker, at which Denman was placed. The master was a scholar, and an excellent instructor, and young Denman profited and learned. He left Looe at the age of fifteen, and was apprenticed to a bookseller at Rochester. His master died before the expiration of the indented time, and he came to London. He was for some time an assistant bookseller. His mind, though not immoderately aspiring or ambitious, could not be contented in so low a life. He felt himself equal to better undertakings, and sought a change. He became usher in an academy at Westminster, where he continued three years. Perhaps there is not a more tedious thing than this among all the lower employments of life, nor for the labour and exercise of which there is so sparing a pay; in which, as it has been finely expressed, there is more exposure to censure, without hope of praise, or more

liability to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect:—where success is without applause, and diligence without reward. "Many kinds have much refuse," and there may be reason for the neglect which certain occupations meet, but it is a misfortune, that with the refuse, what is of worth and value should indiscriminately suffer. The engagement of such a person as an usher was never better described than by Dr. Hall, Bishop of Exeter.

A gentle squire would gladly entertaine,
Into his house some trencher chaplaine,
Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions,
First, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head;
Second, that he do on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt;
Third, that he never change his trencher twice;
Fourth, that he use all comely courtesies;
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and waite;
Last, that he never his young master beat.
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many stripes she would his breech should line;
All these observed, he would contented be,
To give five marks and winter liverie.

There is a restlessness in the minds of those who feel as if they deserved better fortune, which the very wise and worldly maxim observers condemn. A man, (say they) who would relieve himself by indirect means, will find himself in the condition of Esop's ass laden

with salt, which, on his lying down in every river, ran to water, and lightened his burden, but pursuing the same method when laden with sand, it increased his burden and broke his back. Yet, "general maxims are, in the conduct of life, what routine is in certain acts. Situations in each occasionally arise, which require something beyond them." Those who would discourage this restlessness would be wrong, and the others right, provided their changings be accompanied with a proper circumspect determination.

The profession of the stage has much against it: it has publick prejudice, and it is not sanctioned, that is, (if the expression may be allowed) is not a recognised profession: and as long as this *vox et* (in the eye of reason) *preterea nihil*, shall sway, instances will continue rare of those entering into this profession with success.

In the year 1790, Mr. Denman was at a coffee-house, near the theatres, to which players resort, and he caught the infection of wishing to become one. It was upon a Saturday afternoon, a school holiday, and he set off immediately for Kingston, in which town he heard there was a company performing, with whom he had the fortune to engage: and for several years he belonged to certain rambling companies, and underwent the various rounds and turns, and sad and gay viscissitudes, which those people experience. The first regular company he belonged to was at Canterbury, where the

chances in his favour began to assemble. In this neighbourhood he met many acquaintances of his boyish days, and they made him benefits. His name too as an actor acquired respect, and, which is not of less worth, his demeanour and conduct in every other relation also served him. Such an instance as the following it would be a pity to avoid relating: Mr. D. informed Lord ———, one of the members for Rochester, that his benefit night was near. I have not, said his lordship, an extensive acquaintance, therefore may not be able to bring many to the house, but let me have ten tickets, and allow me to pay ten guineas for them. At the end of the summer of 1796, Mr. Denman engaged to perform a season at Newcastle, Edinburgh, &c. but being, upon the retirement of Moody from Drury-Lane, invited to become a member of that theatre, the name of belonging to London so pleased him, that, with very little consideration, he applied to be released from the other engagement, and accepted the invitation. Yet he afterwards lamented the having taken this hasty step, and though again applied to, the following season, thought it best to decline the offer. He then went to Edinburgh, and played there, and at Glasgow, Newcastle, and other towns in that round, for two years. He was afterwards engaged by Mr. Wilkinson of York, in whose company he remained till the year 1803, when he was engaged at the Haymarket, of which theatre he continued a member to the

time of his death; performing intermediately at Brighton, Gosport, and Portsmouth, at all which places he was esteemed and beloved by his acquaintance in private life, and in his professional pursuits supported and successful. At the close of the Haymarket season, last year, Mr. Denman went to Newport in the Isle of Wight, being engaged to play there and at Cowes a few nights, till the Portsmouth theatre should open. He had been troubled for some years with occasional fits of the gout, which of late had gained upon him. After being at Newport a few weeks, he was attacked so severely as to occasion his death, after a confined illness of only two days, and in the fortieth year of his age. To premise what the merits or demerits of an actor are, there are divers kinds of excellence, and the excellence of one kind is superiour to the excellence of another. "Some charm the soul, some only the senses." It was perhaps in the latter kind of acting that Mr. Denman excelled. He was well calculated to appear in comick Irish characters, (whose manners and language he had studied so closely, that he was generally mistaken to be an Irishman) as well as in certain kinds of mimickry, rather than to shine in declamation, and what is justly styled the higher kinds of excellence in acting, he was for instance eminent in John Bull. He was also a fine singer, and his knowledge of musick and language entitled him to approbation in this particular.

A happy genius is the gift of nature. It depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists. It is the peculiar gift of heaven, say the divines. How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none. That nothing can be done without it, all agree. To study and to know our own genius well; to seek to improve, but not force it, are directions, which cannot be too much impressed upon those who would attain to the best acting they may be capable of. This study and knowledge Mr. D. was successful in. I am not, he used to say, an appendage of the waving bough, but I am securely seated in the trunk of the the tree, and it is, perhaps, as much as I have a right to expect. The writer of this article would subjoin a sketch of Mr. Denman's character, as a sort of tribute to the memory of "the lost companion of his youth's gay prime." —He was one of the best men his profession could own. The vice to which players are most liable, it may be, is the vice of insincerity, and it is certain that the habits of a man's profession will mingle with his views, and ways, and methods, and actions, and it may be natural for a player to be obnoxious to the temptation of *acting off*, as well as *on* the stage. The resistance of errours, to which our situations render us particularly liable, is a great conquest. Mr. D. shone in this particular. He was a most sincere friend, and a most honest man; his heart was uncorrupt, and it swayed his conduct; he was a most delightful companion; his coversa-

tion abounded in anecdotes, and was a fund of information. I was, said he, last year at a masquerade; I was much annoyed by a person in the dress of an old farmer; he was extremely troublesome; he spread through the company that I was Dundas, and it caused a great flocking round me. I was obliged to bethink myself how to get from the awkwardness I felt myself under. On a sudden the laugh turned against the farmer, and I was released. It is but fair, I said to the company, that you should hear me in my defence; the matter is thus—our friend here and I will divide it between us, I am dunn'd, and he is the ass.

In 1800, Mr. Denman married a lady of Doncaster, with whom he received a marriage portion; he had an accession of property by the death of one of his brothers, a lieutenant in the navy; and his stage profits were becoming comfortable, and were beginning to prove what may be attained through perseverance and assiduous application.

ANALECTA....No. VIII.

"Undique collatis membris."

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

The education which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of woodland scenery and the sports of the field. Sent

to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenian mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was clothed like other children of the country in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

How much more interesting to the truly sentimental reader (the reader who reflects on what he reads, with a view to extract useful wisdom from it) are the rural exploits of young Henry, amid the craggy rocks of Bigorre and Bearn, than the feats of the plumed hero in the field of battle, or the deportment of the august monarch, surrounded by his courtiers in the Thuilleries or the Louvre!

Hunting was ever the favourite diversion of this monarch. He often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Being on a hunting party one day in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and some time after observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree:—'What are you about there?' said Henry.—'I am sitting here, sir, to see the

king go by.'—'If you have a mind, (answered the monarch) to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him.' The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the gentleman how he should know the king. 'You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered.' The king joins his company, and all the lords salute him:—'Well, (said he to the peasant) which is the king?'—'Faikes, (answered the clown) it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on!'

THE VENERABLE SPORTSMAN.

An ancestor of the celebrated M. Calonne, was remarkable for his attachment to the sports of the field, and for preserving his vigour and strength, both of mind and body, to an advanced period of his life. At the age of eighty-five, he used constantly every day, to take the exercise of riding. A friend, one morning, in the autumn, met him on horseback riding very fast: 'Where are you going in such a hurry this morning?' enquired the gentleman. 'Why, sir,' replied the other facetiously, 'I am riding after my *eighty-fourth* year.'

AN ARTFUL COURTIER.

Louis the Fourteenth playing at back-gammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained si-

lent. The Count de Gramont happened to come in at that instant :—'Decide the matter,' said the king to him. 'Sire,' said the count, 'your majesty is in the wrong.'—'How!' replied the king, 'can you thus decide, without knowing the question?'—'Because,' said the count, 'had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your majesty.'

ITALIAN WOMEN.

The Italian women are not handsome in general,—says the Rev. Martin Sherlock, in one of his letters from Italy—but when they make a conquest they know how to keep it. More perfect than the men in the refinements of dissimulation, they have an apparent frankness in their manner, which deceives even the Italians. Add to this the enchantment of their voices—I am persuaded that the most dangerous of all women is a woman of wit who knows how to sing.

I cannot say that these ladies are remarkable for the steadiness of their attachments either to their husbands or their lovers. But then they say it is not their fault ; but the men's. Pray, madam, said I to one, how can the ladies of this country permit themselves so many lovers? Why, says she, what would you have us do? Women were born to love, and we take a husband. This husband grows sick of us in a short

time, neglects us, and attaches himself to another woman. I am sure I never thought of a lover till I was convinced I had been wronged. No indeed, sir, I never was guilty of an *infidelity of imagination* towards my husband till I was certain of his baseness. Allow then a little for the frailty of our natures, an inattentive husband, an assiduous lover, a warm climate, an inexperienced head, and a tender heart. Is it easy for us to resist? But see these men.—This lover quits us—we feel a horrid void; it must be filled; we take another lover—and another—and another, for they all forsake us; so that you see it is not we that are to blame, but the men; for there is not one of them knows what it is to be constant;

E la fede degli' amanti
Come l'Araba fenice;
Che vi sia ciascun lo dice,
Dove sia nessun lo sa.

The constancy of lovers is like the Phœnix of Arabia; every body says there is one; nobody knows where it is.

Four verses of Metastasio make a proof for an Italian lady upon any subject whatever; for they enter into her soul by a part where her feelings are exquisite; I mean by her ear. Add then the charm of poetry to the profound logick I have mentioned, and say whether you can blame these poor innocents for an inviolable

attachment to their principles, which are happily comprised in these three lines ;

Molti averne,
Un goderne,
E cangiar spesso.

To have many, *(lovers)*
To enjoy one,
And to change often.

This is little to what other travellers will tell you. I often heard that the women of Naples made very lively attacks upon strangers ; and I remember that a young Frenchman told me, on my arrival there, that the women here ask you to come to make love to them, as they ask you at Paris to dinner ; but you may excuse yourself by saying you are engaged.

DEMETRIUS OF MACEDON

This monarch would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such occasions he usually feigned indisposition. His father, Antigonous, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On his entering, Demetrius said, ' Sir, the fever has now left me.' ' Very like, son,' says Antigonous ; ' perhaps I met it at the door.'

The Emperour, Charles the Fifth, when at Wirtemberg, was desired by some of his offi-

cers to order the bones of Luther to be dug up and burnt. He nobly told them, 'I have now nothing farther to do with Luther. He has henceforth another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not lawful for me to usurp. Know, that I make not war with the dead, but with the living, who still continue to attack me.'

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

WHY, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove;
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
If he *can* fly, oh! bid him fly from me.

AARON HILL.

THIS excellent man told Savage the poet that Lord Bolingbroke was the finest gentleman he had ever seen; and Savage one day paid Aaron Hill the same compliment, when he had occasion to speak of him to the late Dr. Johnson. One of Hill's tragedies concludes thus, with an energy peculiar to its author, and worthy of Dryden himself.

Henceforth let no one say
Thus far, no farther, shall my passions stray;
One crime indulged impels us into more,
And that is fate which was but choice before.

HOSPITALITY.

MAN'S life is short.
Whoe'er is cruel, and to cruel arts
Addicted, all on him, while yet he lives,
Call plagues and curses down, and after death,
Scorn and proverbial mockeries hunt his name.
But the benevolent and just, who treats
The stranger kindly, from his lips obtains
A good report, which others, where he dwells,
With pleasure hear, and further still diffuse.

Cowper's Homer.

THE BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

MR. Cowper has admirably executed his version of this burlesque poem, commonly attributed to Homer. Though some of the moderns dispute its legitimacy, 'several of the ancients,' says Chalmers, 'seem of another opinion, and Statius, who wrote under Domitian, makes no doubt of it.'

The subject of the war is the death of Psycharpax, a mouse, son of Toxartes, who, mounted on the back of Physignathus, a frog, undertook a voyage to his palace, to which he had invited him. On the way, the frog Physignathus suddenly beheld an hydra making toward them,

——At this sight
Down went Physignathus——

and the hapless mouse, after many vain endeavours, was drowned. Physignathus being suspected of having done this designedly, the mice demanded satisfaction, and unanimously declared war against the frogs.

The frogs at length find themselves in imminent danger, and Jupiter interfering, sends them auxiliaries, which are curiously described in the mock-heroick style. Jove's 'smouldering bolt,' dismissed in vain—

—— sudden they came. Broad backed
They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-clawed,
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers armed,
Shell-clad, crook-knee'd, protruding far before,
Long hands and horns, with eye-balls in the breast,
Legs quaternion ranged on either side,
And crabs their name. They, seizing by his leg,
His arm, his tail a mouse, cropt it, and snapped
His polished spear. Appalled at such a foe
The miserable mice stood not, but fled
Heartless, discomfited.——And now, the sun
Descending, closed the warfare of a day.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

Underneath this bending briar,
Interred by neither priest nor friar,
Here, honest Tim, you see,
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep;
Melpomene, thou ne'er canst weep
A worthier cur than he.

No sins had Tim of any sort ;
His virtues might have graced a court ;
. He lived Matilda's pride :
And never filled with tears her eye,
Or caused her lovely breast to sigh,
Alas ! but when he died.

THE WIDOWER'S SOLILOQUY.

It is unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires ; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember, that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. The wife we lose by death is no more than a sad and empty object formed by the imagination : to be still devoted to her, is to be in love with an idea. It is a mere chimerical passion, as the deceased has no more to do with this world, than if she had existed before the flood. As we cannot restore what nature has destroyed, it is foolish to be faithful to affliction. Nor is this all—If the woman we marry has the seven qualifications, which every man would wish to find in a wife, beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a sprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction ; yet death's snatching so amiable a wife from our arms, can be no reason for our accusing fate of cruelty, that is, Providence of injustice ; nor can it authorize us to sink into insensibility, and neglect the duties and business

of life. This wife was born to die, and we receive her under the condition of mortality; she is lent but for a term, the limits of which we are not made acquainted with; and when this term is expired, there can be no injustice in taking her back; nor are we to indulge the transports of grief to distraction, but should look for another with the seven qualifications, as it is not good for man to be alone, and as he is, by the Abrahamick covenant, bound to carry on the succession, in a regular way, if it be in his power. Nor is this all—If the woman, adorned with every natural and acquired excellence, is translated from this gloomy planet to some better world, to be a sharer of the divine favour, in that peaceful and happy state which God hath prepared for the virtuous and faithful, must it not be senseless for me to indulge myself in melancholy, and continue a mourner on her account, while she is breathing the balmy air of Paradise, enjoying a full and radiant vision, and beyond description happy!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, though now never acted, and seldom read, contain many passages of uncommon beauty, and frequently whole scenes replete with animated discourse, and sublime touches of poetry. From the Prologue to *The Woman Hater*, says Mr. Seward, as well as a thousand other passages in our authors,

it is very evident that their plays were in the age they lived remarkable for the decency and delicacy of their language; though several of their expressions are now become very gross and apt to give offence to modest ears; but they ought to be judged by the fashion of the age they lived in, not by that which now reigns.

The following conversation between a brother and sister, will serve for a parallel to the dialogue of *Laertes* and *Ophelia*.

Oriana. Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Valore. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the Lady Honoria will be glad
To see me.

Val. Glad to see you? Faith, the lady
Honoria cares for you as she doth for all
Other young ladies; she is glad to see you,
And will show you the privy garden, and tell you
How many gowns the Dutchess had. Marry, if you have
Ever an old uncle, that would be a lord,
Or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder,
Or committed a robbery, and will give
Good store of money to procure his pardon,
Then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see sights
At the Court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see;
You shall see many faces of man's making;

For you shall find very few as God left them :
And you shall see many legs too ;
Amongst the rest you shall behold one pair,
The feet of which were in times past sockless, but are now,
Through the change of time, (that alters all things)
Very strangely become the legs of a Knight
And a Courtier ; another pair you shall see,
That were heir-apparent legs to a glover ;
These legs hope shortly to be honourable ;
When they pass by they will bow, and the mouth
Of these legs will seem to offer you some courtship ;
It will swear, but it will lie ; hear it not !

Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights ?

Val. Sister,
In seriousness, you are yet young and fair ;
A fair young maid, and apt—

Ori. Apt ?

Val. Exceeding apt ;
Apt to be drawn to—

Ori. To what ?

Val. To what you should not be ; 'tis no dispraise ;
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath not power to rule that will ;
For there you shall be wooed in other kinds
Than yet your years have known ;
The chiefest men will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your service, kiss your hand,
Prepare you banquets, mosques, shows, all entice-ments

That Wit and Lust together can devise
To draw a lady from the state of grace.

Woman-Hater, Act 1, Sc. 3.

The resemblance between the two following passages is sufficiently striking to justify the supposition, that Mr. Tobin had the former in his 'mind's eye' when he penned the latter—

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness: thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts: thou swoln cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?

Philaster, Act 2, sc. last.

Balthasar. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a consumption! eldest born
Of Death on Famine! Thou anatomy
Of a starved pilchard—
——— Wouldst thou have made me
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through?

Honey Moon, Act 4, Sc. 1.

A YOUNG man named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno: on his return home, his father asked him what he had learned: the other replied, "that would hereafter appear." On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

IT is said of the younger Antigonus, that when he was told that his son was slain in battle, he went to look upon the body, but he neither changed colour nor wept. He commended him as a valiant soldier, and ordered him to be buried.

Note. Might not this suggest to Addison the circumstance of Cato's receiving the dead body of his son with this exclamation:

"Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty."

There are, however, several such traits in antiquity: the mother of Brasidas only asked whether her son had died bravely.

A LOVE FOR SOLITUDE AND LEARNING,

Evinced in the Characters of great and noble Personages.

WHEN Philip king of Macedon invited Dionysius the Younger to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father

of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of Prince and Poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to write these trifles?"—"In those hours," answered Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."

The late Earl of Chatham, was in his youth cornet in a regiment of dragoons, which quartered in a small town in England. He discharged his duty, upon all occasions, with scrupulous attention; but the moment his duty was performed, he retired to solitude the remainder of the day, and employed his hours alone, without visiting or being visited, in reading the most celebrated authors of Rome and Athens. Attacked at an early period of his life by an hereditary gout, which he wished to eradicate, his mode of living was very frugal and abstemious. The feeble state of his health perhaps made him fond of retirement; but it was certainly in solitude that he laid the foundation of that glory which he afterwards acquired.

Brutus, the avenger of the violated liberty of Rome, while serving in the army under Pompey, employed among books all the moments he could spare from the duties of his station. The hours which were allotted to the repose of the army, he devoted to reading and writing; and he was even thus employed in the evening preceding the battle of Pharsalia; the celebrated battle by which the empire of the universe

was decided. The army was encamped in a marshy plain; it was the middle of summer, and the heat of the season excessive. The servants who bore the tent of Brutus, did not arrive until a late hour. Being much fatigued he bathed, and towards noon caused his body to be rubbed with oil, while he waited their arrival. Taking some little refreshment, he retired to his tent, and while others were locked in the arms of sleep, or contemplated the event of the ensuing day, he employed himself during the night in drawing a plan from the history of Polybius.

CICERO, who was more sensible of mental pleasures than any other character, says, in his oration for the poet Archias, "Why should I be ashamed to acknowledge pleasures like these, since, for so many years, the enjoyment of them has never prevented me from relieving the wants of others, or deprived me of the courage to attack vice and defend virtue? Who can justly blame, who can censure me, if, while others are pursuing the views of interest, gazing at festal shows and idle ceremonies, exploring new pleasures, engaged in midnight revels, in the distraction of gaming, the madness of intemperance, neither reposing the body nor recreating the mind, I spend the recollective hours in a pleasing review of my past life; in dedicating my time to learning and the muses?"

PLINY the Elder, full of the same spirit, devoted every moment of his life to learning. Some person always read to him during his meals;

and he never travelled without a book and portable writing-desk by his side. He made extracts from every work he read; and, scarcely conceiving himself alone while his faculties were absorbed in sleep, he endeavoured by this diligence to double the duration of his existence.

PLINY the Younger read whenever it was possible, whether riding, walking, sitting, or whenever the subject of his employment afforded him the opportunity; for he made it, indeed, an invariable rule to prefer the discharge of his duty to those occupations which he followed only as an amusement. It was this disposition which so strongly inclined him to solitude and retirement. "Shall I," said he, "never break the chains by which I am withheld? Are they indissoluble? No! I dare not hope for such an event! Every day adds new torments to the former. Scarcely is one duty performed than another is imposed; and the chain of business becomes every day moreheavy and oppressive."

SOLITUDE will ultimately render the mind superiour to all the vicissitudes and miseries of life. The man to whose bosom neither riches, nor pleasure, nor grandeur, can convey felicity, may, with a book in his hand, learn to forget his cares under the friendly shade of every tree; and with exquisite delight taste pleasures as lively as they are varied; pleasures pure and ever new. The faculties of the mind regain their pristine strength: and their increasing vigour not only excites the most pleasing sensations,

but presents to his view the attainment of any end he chuses to adopt, of any character he may chuse to acquire. These pleasures increase in proportion to the extent of his capacity, the greatness of his views, and the purity of his intent; and his hopes, however high, are rendered rational by his contempt of flattery, and of the idle pursuits and frivolous amusements of the world.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

GOOD HUMOUR AND PEEVISHNESS.

From Cumberland's Comedy of the "Sailor's Daughter."

Hartshorn...Mrs. Hartshorn.

Mrs. Harts. Sam Hartshorn, Sam Hartshorn! will you hear me, or will you not?

Harts. I do hear you. Every body hears you. Did'nt you observe that deaf old fellow in the shop? I should have held him by the ears this week; you brought him to his hearing with a word. He's cured; I've lost a patient by you, Mrs. Hartshorn.

Mrs. H. How many have you gained by me, Mr. Apothecary? whose business have you stept into? my husband's—poor dear man. Is there any thing in or about this house that I, weak woman as I was, did not bestow on you?

Harts. Yes, there is.

Mrs. H. What is there, I would know ?

Harts. The golden mortar over the door.

Mrs. H. Aye, truly, it has been a golden mortar to you. Why then have you admitted a lodger into my house, without my leave ; and why do you persist in keeping her in it without my liking ?

Harts. Who is it that you do like ?

Mrs. H. Not your Julia Clareville for one. I desire to have no more of her company : none of your Irish misses in my family. I know nothing of her, or her connections.

Harts. Then I'll tell you. Her father, captain Edmund Clareville, was as brave a man as Ireland ever bred. And that is not saying a little for his courage. I was surgeon of his ship for six good years, and saw plenty of sharp service in the time. When his leg was shattered by a ball, I cut it off. It was like cutting my own heart out of my body ; for he died under the knife, though it was as masterly an amputation as ever was performed. He was a friend and a father to me ; and can you think Sam Hartshorn will desert the orphan daughter of his brave old captain ?—no, damme, no ; that scurvy practice never shall be mine.

Mrs. H. So much for your story : but there are more stories than your's ; and some that don't tell to your Miss Julia's credit.

Harts. That may depend upon who has the telling of them.

Mrs. H. She is the talk of the whole place.

All the idle fellows in Bath hover about the house, in hopes to spy her pretty face forsooth at the window.

Harts. Put your own face out and disappoint them.

Mrs. H. No people of fashion countenance her. None of them visit her.

Harts. No, they visit the street. There they get colds and coughs, and then I visit them.

Mrs. H. Aye, you visit! where's the good of that? when my first husband was alive, he knew something. What do you know?—ship-practice.

Harts. Well! that is a practice pretty much in credit. I am not ashamed of it.

Mrs. H. You are ashamed of nothing; I acknowledge that—You are not ashamed of harbouring a miss in my house, to be the gazing stock of the whole city. 'Tis making yourself a mountebank, a show-man. Therefore, as you took your Julia in, I desire you'll turn your Julia out.

Harts. Sorry I can't oblige you.

Mrs. H. Then, if you won't do it, I will.

Harts. Indeed you will not.

Mrs. H. Who'll prevent me?

Harts. Conscience—not your conscience, but mine.

Mrs. H. Oh! what? you've a conscience; have you?

Harts. A tolerable easy one. I have a wife also: I wish I could say as much for her.

Mrs. H. You have a memory, too, I hope, and can recollect what you were when I demeaned myself to marry you—an understrapper in the shop—a whackum to my poor dear husband.

Harts. Take care I'm not a whackum to your poor dear husband's wife. Recollect I carry a cane not only for ornament but use.

Mrs. H. Ah, you sea-monster! do you threaten me?

Harts. No, I hint it to you in time, because that's fair. I have a tolerable good temper, while it lasts; but as it is just now a-going, you had best be gone first.

Mrs. H. Oh, that you would take your own physick, and give me a chance to outlive you!

Exit.

Harts. Come, come; that's pretty well: Take my own physick!—that's not much amiss. My dame has some wit in her malice, and no want of malice in her wit.

Mandeville and Singleton.

Mand. Friend Tom, friend Singleton, I want to have a little serious talk with you.

Sing. Out with it! and as serious as you please.

Mand. Yes; I didn't come to this giggling place to be merry; I came to meditate. Prythee Tom, didst ever meditate upon matrimony?

Sing. Often ; always. Therefore I never undertook it.

Mand. Right. Now I meditate upon it also, but can come to no conclusion.

Sing. No, you will marry first, and come to your conclusion afterwards.

Mand. Would not that be very foolish.

Sing. Not altogether so. If you very much approve of a woman, you may marry ; but if you are very much in love with her, you don't know whether you approve of her or not.

Mand. But how if I do not approve of her, and yet am very much in love with her ?—there is Louisa Davenant, for instance ; I can't approve of her, you know ; nobody can approve of her.

Sing. A little volatile, perhaps—a little vain.

Mand. No, she's not vain ; there you are out ; she's not vain ; but she rallies without mercy, prattles without mitigation.

Sing. Come, come, she prattles very pleasantly ; has a great deal of wit, and an abundance of good humour.

Mand. Wit ! not a grain, not an atom, as I am a living man ; no wit—but affectation, vanity, as much as you can afford her.

Sing. I thought you maintained she was not vain.

Mand. That was because you maintained she was. I don't like to hear her found fault with.

Sing. Well then, my good friend, we will say no more of her wit ; you are not extravagantly

witty yourself, so we will put that aside, and take for granted you admire her for her talents and accomplishments.

Maud. She has no talents ; never could be taught any thing. We are sisters' children ; I I have known her from a child. She can't play a tune ; no more musick in her than a milestone ; but then you know, Tom, I hate musick.

Sing. That's lucky. I hope you don't hate beauty too, for then I think you hardly could like her.

Maud. I like her because she professes so fixt an aversion to me, and seems to hold me in such sovereign contempt. That you know is so amusing, so animating before marriage, and so natural after, that we cannot fail to be good company.—'Sdeath ! here she is !

Louisa enters.

Louisa. Cousin Mandeville, I have brought my work, and am come to sit with you.

Maud. Are you indeed ?

Louisa. Your apartment is so shady and so sombre. We are burnt out of our lodgings on the hill.

Maud. Yes, you lodge upon the very top of the hill : that may be one reason why I lodge at the bottom of it.

Louisa. Oh you odious creature ! why don't you set chairs for us ?

Sing. None for me. I never make a third in such parties. I am for the pump-room. (*exit.*

Mand. There! he's for the pump-room. Are you not for going there too? if you are don't mind me.

Louisa. (sits down.) Well, I dont mind you. But I am weary, and here I can rest both body and mind at the same time.

Mand. And couldn't you have done that at home? I wonder, cousin Louisa, you don't try how comfortable it is to sit still and be quiet.

Louisa, I am trying it just now. When I want nothing else but to do nothing, and to think of nothing, you see I come to you; when I would seek pleasure and amusement, why then, cousin John, I go elsewhere.

Mand. Thank you; I am obliged to you. You are quiet here, I confess; perfectly still and quiet. You certainly are in no danger tête-a-tête with me.

Louisa. None in life. I bless the fates, cousin John, I can rub on as I am for some time to come yet.

Mand. Yes, yes, you can rub on very well as you are. You know you are not dying for me, and I am quite convinced I can live without you.

Louisa. Very true. We can live tolerably well asunder: I am far from sure we could live so well together.

Mand. No, no. Perfect happiness is not the lot of mortals. If we live single, you see we have cares; if we marry—

Louisa. Heavens! how they are multiplied! —pick up my thread-paper. Don't you see I have dropt it?

Mand. Yes, but don't drop it any more. I hate trouble.

Louisa. Then you must never marry. That is nothing else but trouble without termination.

Mand. And yet, Louisa, I cannot tell how it is, you seem to have fewer of those positives, that give trouble, and more of the negatives that prevent it, than any body I am acquainted with.

Louisa. Oh, yes; I have negatives in plenty, and for all occasions.

Mand. I don't doubt it; and if you was called upon just now, you have one in readiness.

Louisa. At your service—one, and only one; for should you be importunate, and put me to repeat it, you know what two negatives make, and will interpret accordingly.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Too much preciseness and solemnity in pronouncing what one says in common conversation, as if he were preaching, is generally taken for an indication of self-conceit.

MAKE your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men despise what they can easily have.

Sing. None for me. I never make a third in such parties. I am for the pump-room. (*exit.*

Mand. There! he's for the pump-room. Are you not for going there too? if you are don't mind me.

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POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

COLLINA's PORTRAIT.

Mum ! Mum ! for a Plumb...*Nursery Tales.*

To the Editor.

Sir

It is obvious that the enclosed Portrait was never designed for the publick eye, but is one of those careless sallies of fancy calculated to amuse the domestick circle. I received a copy some weeks since from a young lady in West-Boston with the most positive injunction of *secrecy* ; indeed I scarcely dared to re-peruse it until I had double locked my office door, and the Watchman had bellowed " past twelve o'clock." But my fair friend, like Betty in the Clandestine Marriage, has, it seems, thought " that a great secret is a great plague if a body may not mention it to four or five of one's particular friends," and has communicated a dozen other copies to a dozen other confidants. Now as she has found it prudent to procure thirteen friends to aid her in keeping the secret, she will not think it hard that I find it necessary to seek *one*. I must therefore request you to assist me in keeping the

NOTHING is more unmannerly than to reflect on any man's profession, sect, or natural infirmity. He who stirs up against himself another's self-love, provokes the strongest passion in human nature.

THERE is hardly any bodily blemish, which a winning behaviour will not conceal, or make tolerable; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform.

BENEVOLENCE is the light and joy of a good mind: 'it is better to give than to receive.'

DESPISE not the meanest of mankind: a wasp may sting a giant.

A MODEST man feels his own superiority; a proud man makes others feel it.

USE to-day; to-morrow may never come.

WHEN mankind are in an humour to be captious, moral writings, in the gross, are liable to their censure. The most formidable of all dreads to writers, who rest not contented with the testimony of a clear conscience, is a *laboured, shivering* kind of *charitable* praise, intended to communicate a sort of *mental ague* to the soaring mind.

'Tis all ideal, all I ween
But tricksy art and sporting;
And madrigals, and songs, and odes,
Smart eulogies, and grave eclogues,
Are but the lures of loving rogues
To catch girls hearts in courting.

In sweet domestick scenes he found
More rapture than on classick ground,
Where Poets prate of bliss unsound,
In airy castles built on;
While desks, chairs, floors, were heaped with toys,
And all were pranking girls and boys,
He vowed the urchins' gamesome noise
Surpassed the strains of Milton.

As by his social fire he sat,
Musing awhile on this and that,
Or cheering life with harmless chat,
And never dreamed of rhyming;
In rushed in haste a rustick maid,
And claimed a promise, which she said
The Poet years ago had made,
To set his muse a chiming.

Now hear the sober Bard reply:
'Beauty I never could deny;
The grey-haired muse once more shall try
To cut a boyish caper;
Then come, sit down, with sober grace

Correct your air, compose your face,
While I with Poet's pencil trace
Your *likeness* on this paper.'

THE PORTRAIT.

Oval face, and auburn hair,
Grecian nose, complexion fair,
Bright hazle eyes, which might compare
With stars *in verse* for brightness,
Rosy cheeks, and queen Ann's chin,
Neck of grace, and lips not thin,
Mouth that 's small, the teeth within
Shame milk itself for whiteness.

In person, neither short nor tall,
What the French *em bon point* call,
Shape which might grace a city ball;
O, could she there be dancing!
How down the country dance she'd go,
And 'trip it with fantastick toe,'
To 'maze some pretty Boston beau,
And set his heart a prancing.

Shape so straight and jaunty air,
Skin that's something more than fair,
Step that's ever debonnair,
Arms which would grace a sceptre;
Taper fingers, fairy feet,
In attire and person neat,

A tongue which can a secret keep
When blushes don't detect her.

And now the proud muse far superiour,
Views the poor limner's art inferiour,
Who only paints the mere exteriour,
The very husk of beauty ;
With magick pencil *she* can trace
The mind which animates that face,
And gives her form that witching grace,
Which makes our praise our duty.

A mind informed a conscience clear,
Desires composed, a heart sincere,
A judgment which some future year
Will blossom most divinely ;
On what bright colours shall I hit
To paint the flashings of her wit,
I seize the lightning's gleam—for it
Alone can flash so finely.

memory copiously stored
From learning's richest treasured hoard,
And, what is much to be deplored,
With novels, plays, romances ;
For ah ! the youthful heart's too apt
To be with such vain mummery trapped,
And find its better judgment sapped
With such like idle fancies.

Skilled in the prudent housewife's art,
The cake to bake, or raise the tart,

And to the muslin pure impart
Gay form of cap or bonnet.
Industrious through the sober day
Except when fancy points the way
To where the idle muses play,
With eulogy and sonnet.

O could I paint her future lot—
But here the anxious muse must stop,
And let her baffled pencil drop,
Nor sketch her life's blank sequel;
Thus much we know—that in life's morn,
For genius, taste, for face and form,
And all which can the fair adorn,
We've seldom seen her equal.

And now, sweet girl, your portrait view;
Say, have I sketched with pencil true,
And will the picture pass for you?
Or does it fail in brightness?
If so, I wish for your loved sake,
Hymen may give you some fond mate,
Who in some happier hour may make
Of you a better likeness.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

EPIGRAM.

SOME women are like books, whose outward show
Of red and gold attracts the learned beau;
But which, when opened, disappoint the sight
With *blotted* paper, or, at best, 'tis *white*.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MR. EDITOR,

The following tribute to the memory of a lovely young lady is worthy a place in the Polyanthos. By inserting it you will gratify your constant correspondent, L . . .

Boston, June 4.

WHERE now are all thy varied beauties fled,
Thou fairest, 'loveliest village* of the plain!'
Thy flowerets withered and their fragrance sped,
Of all thy once loved charms how few remain!

Thy beauteous stream, in icy fetters bound,
No longer laves its rich luxuriant side;
Thy lofty locusts bloom no more around,
In native grandeur and majestick pride.

But these with greater pomp shall soon resume
Their absent beauties and their native charms;
Not so the fixed unalterable doom
That snatched thy much loved ANNA from thy arms.

Too soon, alas! in new-born verdure drest,
Thy many beauteous walks, thy shady grove,
Will have to mourn their long-lost favourite guest,
Forever lost to Friendship and to love.

No more, to greet the glad returning day,
In Nature's charms by Nature's self arrayed,

* *Taunton.*

And to the muslin pure impart
Gay form of cap or bonnet.
Industrious through the sober day
Except when fancy points the way
To where the idle muses play,
With eulogy and sonnet.

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But here the anxious muse must stop,
And let her baffled pencil drop,
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FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

EPIGRAM.

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Of red and gold attracts the learned beau;
But which, when opened, disappoint the sight
With *blotted* paper, or, at best, 'tis *white*.

To feed an idle, useless, worthless race,
Who else might aid the state, and not disgrace.'
'Nay,' Charles replies, "no evils *we* create;
We choose the *refuse* only of the state;
Such as, from want of worth or want of wit,
For every *other* station are unfit;
'Tis such as these compose the *Boston corps*,*
Who must be FED, as 'players' or---'the poor."

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A REASONABLE GIRL.

From the French.

PAPA forbids my loving more
The gentle, modest Theodore;
Yet often says, the precept given,
'To love my neighbour,' came from heaven;---
And must not Theodore be one?
I'm sure his house adjoins our own.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

INSCRIPTION.

From the French.

ON yon smooth surface dare not tarry,
By Winter's icy breath congealed!

* *This remark is undoubtedly applicable to the* corps, en masse; *but we must in justice say, there are one or two individual exceptions.*

Pass on, with footsteps light and wary---
Beneath you Danger lies concealed.

Thus lightly tread where Pleasure, smiling,
Decoys you on her slippery way ;
Beneath a surface so beguiling
Grim Ruin waits to seize his prey.

PUBLICK AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICAL.

THE Theatres of Boston, New-York, Philadelphia and Charleston are closed for the summer, and their respective corps are dispersed in various directions and pursuits. Messrs. Bernard and Caulfield are on a tour through the eastern parts of Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, endeavouring to amuse our eastern neighbours with "*Recitation, Song, and Imitation.*"—At Salem they made application for permission to perform, which was not granted.

The only regular company of comedians, of whom we have any knowledge, is at Providence, under the management of Mr. Bates. It consists of Messrs. Bates, Darley, Dykes, Clarke, Young, Usher, West, Hayman. Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Harper, &c. Master Burke, well known as a member of the Milk-street spouting-club, has also joined this company.

CONCERT.

On the evening of the 1st of June, Mrs. Oldmixon gave a concert at the Boston Theatre, which reflects no less credit on her talents as an elegant and scientifick singer, than on her taste in the selection of pieces. Much of the musick, however, was 'caviare to the multitude.' The audience were highly gratified, not only with the performances of Mrs. Oldmixon, but with the efforts of those who assisted her, particularly of Mrs. Graupner and Mr. Caulfield. It is hoped the managers of the theatre will not leave the name of Mrs. G. off of the roll of their company another season, when there is such a palpable deficiency in the department of female singers. She would have been an invaluable acquisition last winter, when the publick were compelled to listen night after night to the 'childish treble' of Mrs. Poe, who has never before ranked higher than a third or fourth rate singer.—If Mr. Vining will always sing as he gave *The Willow* this evening, he may expect to gain a large share of publick favour.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

THE new building prepared for the Columbian Museum was opened on the first of June, and has been the resort of considerable company. To add to its attractions, the proprietors have engaged Mr. Vining of the theatre as a singer.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

JULY, 1807.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *CALEB STRONG, ESQ. LL. D.*

Late Governour of Massachusetts.

THE life of this great and good man is so interwoven with that of our Commonwealth, that to give even a perfect *sketch* of his political career, would far exceed our limits as well as ability. All we shall endeavour to effect is, very briefly to take a review of the path he has trodden in his publick life; to sketch an hasty outline of that great portrait, which, to finish with that majesty and beauty it demands, would require, and we sincerely hope will command, the efforts of some one, worthy of the subject and equal to the attempt.

CALEB STRONG is lineally descended from John Strong, who arrived in this country from

Taunton in England, in May, 1630. He was one of the first settlers of Dorchester, but soon after his settlement, removed, together with Mr. Warham and a considerable part of the people of Dorchester, to Windsor, in Connecticut. There he continued until 1659, when he moved to Northampton, and was the first ruling Elder of the church in that town. He lived and died upon the farm which has descended from father to son, and on which the Governour now resides.

The subject of this memoir, who is the fourth from that venerable character, was born in January, 1745. Discovering, early in life, traits of genius, and a great fondness for books, he was fitted for, and entered Harvard College, and took his first degree there in 1764. He soon after commenced the study of the law, with Major Hawley, but want of health prevented him from engaging in the business of that profession, until February, 1772. Before this time, however, he was chosen Treasurer and one of the Selectmen, for the town of Northampton, and continued in these offices during the war. In his profession as a lawyer, he was ever liberal, fair, and honourable; he possessed a remarkable faculty of captivating a jury; and perhaps no man, in the western part of the state, ever had more extensive practice, or was ever employed in more important causes.

At that critical and eventful period in the American annals, the year 1775, when tyrrany threw by her mask, and prepared to seize upon

the liberties of our country ; when there was no other alternative but to appeal to the justice of heaven and to arms for redress, we find Caleb Strong early conspicuous amongst the firm champions of our Independence. He was then chosen a member of the committee of safety for the town of Northampton ; "a body of whigs, by whose energies the foundation of the American Independence was laid ; and from whose active labours it was reared and cemented." This year he was appointed Justice of the Peace, and Attorney for the State, in the county of Hampshire.

In 1776 he was elected a member of the revolutionary councils of Massachusetts ; and in the ensuing year, a most trying and important period to our country, and which required the clearest heads, firmest hearts, and most vigorous exertions of her children to support and assist her, the suffrages of his countrymen again called him to her councils. In this situation, in which he was continued for many succeeding years, his exertions and talents rendered him conspicuous, and gained him the confidence of his fellow citizens. In 1779, when the government of the State was to be erected upon a firmer foundation, and a convention of the State called forth the genius and patriotism of its sons, we find his name united with those of Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, Bowdoin, Sullivan, and Parsons. He was one of that committee which drew up the bill of Rights, and the form of the Constitution ; and, in 1780, was also ap-

pointed a member of the Council of this State, in whom then was vested the executive power. In the succeeding year, when the constitution, ratified by the people, was carried into operation, he was chosen a Senator in the General Court, for the county of Hampshire ; in which the confidence and universal approbation of his countrymen continued him until the year 1787. He had also been chosen one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, but declined accepting.

The articles of Confederation, which had hitherto united the States, being found too weak and insufficient to prserve the union and tranquillity necessary; it was deemed expedient to form a constitution which should concentrate the energies of the States, and unite them more firmly together. To effect this, delegates were assembled from all the states, except Rhode-Island, at Philadelphia, in May, of the year 1787, and elected for President their beloved Washington. After four months deliberation, they formed the present Constitution of the United States ; a monument of their abilities, and a safeguard of the liberties of their country. One of these delegates was Mr. Strong, elected by the legislature of Massachusetts ; and when this constitution was carried into effect, he was chosen a senator of the United States, appointed to organize and administer it, and in this exalted station was continued a period of eight years.

Having now given twenty-two years of his life to the service of his country, eight of which were years of the revolution ; seen her indepen-

dence firmly established, and her constitution perfected, he retired to private life, to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, that happiness which a life, honourably spent in the service of his country, ought to demand and receive. This seclusion, however, was but short, for in the year 1800, the suffrages of his fellow-citizens called him to the chief Magistracy of Massachusetts. To remark upon, or to relate his publick life in this situation, is what will not be expected, and if indeed performed, would at this time be superfluous. We have all lived beneath his wing, marked his political career, seen the influence of his example, his exertions, and his actions; and he who has not seen, has heard or felt them. He is not, indeed, one of those characters, who, like the comet, in its path through the heavens, raises our wonder and astonishment for a moment, and then suddenly disappears; his course, like the sun, has been steady and uniform, his warmth felt wherever his light has been diffused; and though it has now set in the political horizon, its orb grows larger and more elegant, its lustre, though diminished, more beautiful, and the softened beams of its majesty more pleasing and lovely. To speak of his private life, likewise, is not our intention; for who among us is so ignorant as not to know the greatness of his soul, the benevolence of his heart, the purity of his principles, the mildness of his manners, the humility of his deportment, and the unwavering rectitude of

his actions. These have made him revered, esteemed, and beloved ; but these are not his only praise, for he is not only a great and good man, but a great and good christian.

In the year 1777, Gov. Strong married Miss Sarah Hooker, daughter of the Rev. John Hooker, minister of Northampton, and has now living six children, three sons, and three daughters. Retired from publick business, and fond of seclusion, he now resides upon his estate in Northampton, enjoying, as we trust, within his own bosom, the rewards of a life well spent, and a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man.

ALMAMUN, THE MISER OF BAGDAD.

A TALE.

In the reign of the caliph Almoktader, there dwelt in Bagdad a merchant, named Almamun, who, by his extensive trade which he had carried on with equal judgment and good fortune, had amassed prodigious wealth ; but as the governours and great officers employed under the young and dissipated caliph were not a little rapacious, and guilty of numerous extortions, he carefully concealed his riches, and wore the appearance of poverty ; a precaution which, at the same time that it sheltered him from the observation and grasping avarice of those in power, contributed to the increase of the wealth

he was so desirous to preserve. Most of his neighbours were well convinced that he must have accumulated a great treasure. But where he had concealed or deposited it was a secret, which he was particularly cautious not to divulge.

Among the persons he employed in the transacting of his affairs, was one named Kalid, who had completely gained his regard and confidence, by his address and good conduct in the execution of any commission with which he had entrusted him, and who appeared devoted to him with the warmest personal friendship. Kalid appeared to be scrupulously just, and punctiliously devout; but beneath this fair exteriour he concealed the utmost selfishness and dishonest artifice. He had his views constantly fixed on the great wealth of which he knew that Almamun must be possessed; and he employed all his art, though for a long time in vain, to discover the place of its concealment.

Almamun had a daughter named Shulema, whom, next to his treasures, he loved with sincere affection. Kalid had not neglected endeavouring to ingratiate himself with her, and, if possible, to gain her affections, though his own were fixed solely on the riches of Almamun, of which he hoped he might gain a considerable portion if he could recommend himself to Shulema. But she had already bestowed her heart on a youth named Helim, whose character and qualities were, in reality, far superiour to those

of Kalid ; though he had not the good fortune to render himself so agreeable to her father, whose principal objection to him was, that he thought he had not talents for business. Kalid, too, having the ear of Almamun, by his suggestions continually increased his dislike to Helim, till he at length induced him to forbid all intercourse between him and his daughter. Shulema and Helim became, in consequence, the irreconcileable enemies of Kalid. But the latter made every day a greater progress in obtaining the implicit confidence of Almamun.

By repeated conversations with his employer and patron, Kalid discovered that his mind was continually disturbed by fears that he should one day be plundered of all his wealth, and perhaps deprived of his life, by the rapacity of some of the great officers of government. These fears Kalid exerted his endeavours, in the most artful but covert manner, to increase ; suggesting, at the same time, that it would be well to consider, before it was too late, of the proper means to avoid this danger, and place, if possible, these riches in a state of security. He hinted to Almamun that he knew he relied on the secrecy and privacy of the concealment of his treasure. But he expressed his fears that this would avail him little, as it was generally admitted that he must be very rich ; and confinement in a dungeon, with unremitting severity, or perhaps torture, must at length weary out the most resolute, and force a disclosure. He

intimated also, that were he deemed worthy to be entrusted with the important secret of the nature and amount of this wealth, he could give such advice as, were it followed, would effectually secure it from the dangers with which both it and the possessor were at present threatened.

This discourse Kalid repeated from day to day; and at length informed Almamun that he knew from undoubted authority, the sources of which, however, he could not divulge, that the governour of Bagdad, with the connivance of the caliph, had adopted the idea which was the subject of his fears, and that he would certainly be very soon arrested, in order to the confiscation of his wealth: It therefore became necessary for him to resolve immediately in what manner he would act for his personal safety, and to avoid his total ruin. He assured him that he might rely on the intelligence he had given him; that the governour was a crafty and avaricious man, as indeed he well knew: and that the caliph, as he had observed before, would connive at this act of extortion, on receiving the greater part of the plunder to dissipate in his licentious pleasures. He would be be seized suddenly and secretly, and if the expected wealth was not immediately found, he might depend on it that the severest measures would be taken to force from him a discovery of it.

Almamun, terrified at this alarming information from a friend whose veracity he thought

he had no reason to distrust, and which indeed exactly coincided with the fears he had so long entertained, conjured Kalid to give him the advice which he had intimated he was able to give, in what manner to elude the coming storm. But Kalid appeared now to answer only in a cautious and evasive manner : It was an affair of some delicacy ; and should the governour discover that he had been instrumental in disappointing him of his expected prey, he might likewise be involved in ruin. Besides, Almamun had never reposed any great confidence in him with respect to his wealth : he neither knew the quantity, or the value, or the place, or manner of the concealment of the treasure he was to assist in preserving. The friendship he was requested to exercise towards Almamun required a return of equal confidence on his part.

Almamun, half distracted by his fears, resolved to confide implicitly in Kalid, and disclose to him all he seemed desirous to know. He took him, therefore, to his house without the city, and at the back of his garden showed him a kind of cave, overshadowed by thick trees, the entrance of which was very artfully closed, and known only to himself. Into this cave he descended, and brought up a coffer, which he opened and displayed to the astonished sight of Kalid. It contained a number of ingots of the finest gold, but especially diamonds, and other precious stones, of immense value. Kalid was struck mute with admiration ; but still greater

was his astonishment when he descended with Almamun into the subterranean cavity, and beheld the quantity of gold, silver, and other valuable things which he had there amassed. He had never before beheld such a treasure, nor had he conceived that even Almamun possessed such wealth. His avarice was most powerfully excited, and his imagination lost and bewildered in devising schemes to obtain this treasure for himself. He could therefore scarcely answer Almamun, when he pressed him to give the advice he had promised him, but by assuring him that he should find all his wealth perfectly safe.

The next day Kalid came in great haste to Almamun, and assured him that the officers of the rapacious governour would arrive in an hour's time to seize him; in confirmation of which, he showed him some surly-looking fellows, whom he had hired and dressed up to act the part of these officers. Not an instant, he said, must now be lost. He would be irretrievably ruined, and perhaps lose his life, if he did not fly instantly for Damascus, the governour of which had rendered himself independent of the caliph, and was a man of strict justice and honour. Kalid said he had formerly known him, and had great interest with him. He would follow him in a day or two with his treasure, which he had not the smallest doubt of being able to carry off privately in safety, as soon as he was gone.

Almamun, prevented by his terrours from doubting a word of all that he had been told, set off with all speed and secrecy; and Kalid immediately applied himself to pack up, and carry away the treasure which had been discovered to him, not to convey it to Damascus, but to appropriate it to himself.

In the mean-time, Shulema and Helim having observed that Kalid, of whose honesty they justly entertained suspicions, was continually in close conference with Almamun, carefully watched his motions; and when they found that Almamun had left the city precipitately, and that Kalid was preparing, as he said, to pack up certain effects and follow him, Helim, who had some personal acquaintance with the governour, applied to him to interfere; in consequence of which Kalid was seized, and all the vast treasure of Almamun discovered. Almamun was likewise arrested before he reached Damascus, and, on an examination of all the parties, the whole knavery and artifice of Kalid was discovered. The governour decreed, that one fourth of the riches of Almamun should go to the state, for having preserved the remainder; that the half of that remainder should be given to Shulema and Helim, who were united, and lived happily; and that Kalid should expiate his crime in a dungeon, where he languished a few years, and then died.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ON THE UNWILLINGNESS OF MANKIND TO BELIEVE THEMSELVES OLD.

"My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The days of beauty and delight are o'er."

Jane Shore.

This bitter confession proceeded from the sex peculiarly framed to pride itself in beauty of form. But acknowledgment of age is unpalatable even to man. This aversion is usually imputed to vanity; yet it does not always proceed from vanity, but often from want of consciousness. The mind does not grow old by equal steps with the body. The span of life is so short, that to a strong memory and lively imagination every part of it may be said to be present. The spirits of infancy, and the animated scenes of youth, seem but of yesterday. The person who is now shoved off the stage, has in fresh remembrance his being considered as a child; recollects himself repressed and neglected by the senior part of the company; and cannot believe that in a space, apparently so short, he can have occupied the place of those who despised his youth; his spirits, perhaps, are good, his health not impaired, *his soul is young*, and he will not credit the decay of the body. Much stronger must the deception be with the softer sex, whose reign of fashion and admiration seldom exceeds the trifling period of ten

years at most. The passage is too short, the voyage too pleasant, to let them listen to the pilot *Time*, announcing that the gale of adulation has ceased to blow, that the tide of pleasure and admiration has subsided, and left the vessel far on shore!

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A singular instance of INSANITY *and* SUICIDE, *in a Letter from Dr. W. to the late Dr. Barker, at Hingham.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR letter was delivered to me the day before yesterday: I waited to procure more information respecting the unfortunate stranger, who is the subject of it, or you would have had an answer by the person who brought it. I knew not even the name of the gentleman you enquired after, before I heard that he had shot himself at Hingham, and that he had left some papers, and a letter directed to me. All I know of him I shall relate:—

He came to my house about two months ago, and introduced himself by saying, that he was a foreigner, and wished for an acquaintance with some scientifick man; that he understood I had travelled much in foreign countries; and

for such and such reasons which he mentioned, and which I need not repeat, he chose to introduce himself to me, in order to converse on a subject which had long been the object of his contemplation. The subject was *mechanicks* and *pneumaticks*: on these he talked sensibly and learnedly. Sometimes he spoke French, sometimes Dutch, and frequently expressed himself in Latin; but what gave the whole a light and whimsical air, was its ultimate application, which was neither more nor less than *flying like a bird!* I endeavoured to convince him, that the structure, or anatomy, of a bird was very different, even in their bones, from all animals that do not fly; and that, among other peculiarities, I would remind him that there was no instance in the vast range of animated nature, where there was such an *extent of surface*, and such *strength*, united with such *levity*, as are found in the body of a bird; and that I could not readily believe that any wings could be constructed, whether like a bird's, or like a bat's, (which last was his favourite idea) that could raise the human body from the ground, by merely taking hold of the air He then said he would banish my doubts by actual experiment; and took his leave with a promise to call again in three days. He came, accordingly, and explained himself further on his favourite scheme. I listened to him with attention, because he seemed to think like a man of sense, and to speak like a gentleman; and because I recollected

that a learned English Bishop had amused himself and the world with a similar project. I could, however, perceive this foreigner's *Cartesian* philosophy had not been sufficiently corrected by later demonstrations.

From his good figure, neatly dressed hair, polite and easy manners, I concluded he was some unfortunate emigrant from the continent of Europe; an officer probably in the service of the monarchy, who, destitute of money and friends, chose to apply some of the principles he had learnt at college, to the purpose of procuring subsistence by a novel exhibition. On this account I never asked him his name or nation; but from his fine blue eye I judged him to be of Saxon origin.

You ask me if I suppose he was insane any time before he committed this shocking deed? —The writings and drawings, which he left directed to me, are so far from betraying a deranged mind, that they indicate a cool and vigorous intellect; being executed not merely with taste, but mathematical exactness. Nevertheless had I been on the jury, I should have given my verdict *Insanity*; for he shot himself in a paroxysm of despair, which implies *suspension of reason*.

I have been told that this unfortunate young man first quitted his paternal home in consequence of his father's insisting on his pursuing the profession of divinity. I have never heard any thing against his character; but have seen

some evidences, (in his papers) of his humane disposition, in giving freedom to his slave, after binding him to a trade, by which he could get an honest living. On the whole, I take him to have been one of those unfortunate young men, who, having seen but the superfices of life, believed every thing to be just what it appears; and whose rapid imagination conceived certain *ends*, without possessing fortune or patience to pursue the *means*.

He expresses himself to the following effect in the melancholy letter, (*written in French*) which he left directed to me:—*All my plans having failed, my money gone, I resolved to put an end to my life; but thought it my duty to leave to you the description of my machines. My death will make no one unhappy; therefore I go with satisfaction out of this world. May you live well, good Sir, and contented. When you receive this, I shall be in another world, where I expect to enjoy more happiness than I have experienced in this.*

With the horrour such a deed naturally inspires, we cannot but mix a portion of commiseration, especially when we recollect, that the gift of a vivid imagination brings the heaviest task on the vigilance of reason; and that such endowments require a degree of discipline which seldom attends the higher gifts of the mind; clearly proving that *Nature* without the commanding voice of RELIGION has left the noblest of her works imperfect! B. W.

Cambridge, February, 1796.

ZARIADRES AND ODATIS.

[*The following story, related by* ATHENÆUS, *combines in it all the wildness of imagination and eccentricity of fable, that captivates us so much in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and other productions of Oriental fancy. The operation of Genii alone is wanting to make it a perfect resemblance; but even without that aid, it will recall to most readers, who are acquainted with the Tales above mentioned the romantick History of Camaralzaman and the Princess Badrura*...Monthly Magazine.]

"IN the reign of Hyspaspes, king of Media, Zariadres his brother held the absolute dominion of those provinces which lie between the Caspian Gates and the river Tanaïs. His person, the most perfect specimen of manly beauty ever known, attracted the universal admiration of all who saw him, and was indeed celebrated all over Asia. The fairest and most noble princesses in the world, would with rapture have acknowledged him for their lord; but hitherto his heart had been insensible to the force of female attractions. He cultivated the qualities of a good prince and a valiant soldier, but love was a stranger to his bosom.

"On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he grew melancholy and abstracted; he fled from the company of his counsellors and asso-

ciates, neglected the affairs of state, relinquished even his favourite pleasures of the chase and of the table. He no longer accustomed himself daily to the use of arms; he left the officers of his army to inspect his troops; and gave himself up to the love of solitude and retirement.

"After he had gone on for some time in this unusual mode of life, he grew as restless and impatient as he had been before indolent and inactive. He was continually breaking up his camp, and moving to all parts of his dominions, exercising himself and his men in long and toilsome marches, insensible to labour and fatigue, to the noon-tide heats, or to the damps of midnight.

"It was love that had taken possession of the soul of Zariadres, and had made him so altered a man. It was hopeless love; for it was fixed on nothing that had reality, on the phantom of the imagination, on a vision of the night.

"This vision, the appearance of the loveliest form in which female excellence ever dwelt on earth, had first passed before his eyes in his tent, when he had laid himself down to repose after the fatigues of a long and perilous chase. From that moment a fatal passion seized upon his senses, and mixed with the vital current of his veins. The visionary fair one renewed her visit the next night, and the next; and from that time he never slept but his slumbers were

blest with the appearance of that celestial form which had captivated his soul.

" At length, whether admonished by a dream, or actuated by some divine or spiritual impulse, he removed his camp to the banks of the Tanais; and he had not remained there long before (following the same celestial admonition) he sent ambassadours to the court of the king Omartis, to demand his daughter in marriage.—Omartis reigned over all those countries which extend themselves along the further borders of the Tanais. His only misfortune was, that he had no male offspring to succeed him in his great possessions; happy in every other respect, in a prosperous and peaceful empire, in dutiful and affectionate subjects, and in a daughter the fairest and most amiable of her sex.

" Odatis was as excellent a model of female loveliness as Zariadres of manly beauty. Her charms, and her high birth and inheritance, had made her long the object of emulation among all the princes of the East. Zariadres only had not yet sought her; and yet it was she whose image unconsciously possessed his soul, who was the constant object of his daily thoughts, and of his nightly visions; for so it was ordered by the celestial powers who make man their care.

" Omartis, having no male heir, had long determined to reject the suits of all the princes who claimed the hand of Odatis, and, for the

good of his subjects and his own happiness, to bestow her at a fit time on some one of his own nobles, whose rank and virtue she might approve. Odatis knew, and did not oppose, his intention; for not one of the noble youths whom she was accustomed to behold had made any impression on her heart. But at the time that Zariadres sent his embassy to the Court of Omartis, the same powers who watched over the happiness of the Median Prince, placed his form in a vision of the night, before the eyes of the royal virgin, and inspired her bosom with a mutual flame; and thus, by supernatural interference, were two lovers attached to each other by the strongest passion that was ever felt, without either of them knowing for whom they experienced a sensation so new and powerful.

"But the same sympathy which had caused Zariadres to send his messengers to her father's Court, informed Odatis that the prince who demanded her was the real object of her passion; and, for the first time in her life, she felt a secret pang when the offers of her suitor were rejected, and the ambassadours sent back with a positive refusal. However, virgin modesty, and the shame that must have attended the confession of so strange and wonderful an attachment, prevented her from saying a word against the sentence of her father.—From that moment a deep melancholy took possession of her, and she pined away insensibly.

" In the mean-while the time arrived which Omartis had fixed in his own mind for the nuptials of the princess. It was a very general custom throughout the East, that, when a prince or powerful nobleman was bent upon the marriage of his daughter, he gave a sumptuous feast, and invited to it all those who were her suitors, or such of the great men of his Court as he thought worthy of her; and that, when all the guests were assembled, the virgin bestowed a goblet on him, of all the company, whom she preferred, and who was immediately declared her husband.—When Odatis was informed of her father's determination, though she had long expected it, her heart sank within her, and despair took possession of her mind. In vain did she allege all the motives that her imagination could suggest to dissuage the king from his purpose; her disinclination to marriage, her contentedness in her present state, her youth, her affection for her father, all were alleged in vain. Omartis attributed her apparent diffidence to virgin coyness or modesty, and he proceeded to appoint the day of her nuptials. At this critical time the good Genius that had hitherto presided over their mutual love, still befriended Odatis and Zariadres, and suggested to her to send to the Prince of Media's camp, which still remained on the borders of the neighbouring river, information of the ensuing marriage. From that time her anxiety increased; but hours and days rolled on, and nothing was

seen or heard of her lover. What could she imagine but that he had desisted from all further pursuit of an object, in which he had once experienced a repulse ?

" The day at last arrived on which Omartis had determined that his daughter should declare her choice of a husband. All the nobles were, therefore, assembled at the royal court, and a magnificent banquet set forth, at which the king declared his purpose to the whole company. The bowl had now gone freely round, and all hearts beat with transport or with solicitude at the prospect of the approaching decision, according as vanity or confidence more or less prevailed in their minds.

" At length the Princess was summoned into the hall, where she received, with modest submission, her father's commands. ' Take this goblet of wine,' said Omartis, ' cast your eyes around in this noble company, and present the draught to him whom you select for your husband.' The trembling Odatis took the cup. She anxiously cast her eyes around her, but Zaraidres was not in the hall. She could not disobey the royal and paternal injunction, but delayed the fatal choice as long as modesty and duty would permit.

" At length, pale and sorrowful, she was just about to bestow the goblet upon the worthiest of the princes, when, suddenly, there entered a stranger, in haste, whose noble and beautiful aspect struck all the beholders with admiration

and wonder.—Odatis uttered a shriek of joy, and the presented goblet was seized with transport by the unknown youth; and, while the king and his train remained motionless with astonishment, the Princess was borne away in triumph by her successful lover, mounted on the fleetest of his horses, and in a few hours found herself in the arms and on the throne of Zariadres.

"For ages after, the barbarians of Asia commemorated with enthusiasm the fortunate loves of Zariadres and Odatis; they painted them in their palaces and temples; they sung them at their feasts and games; and the name of Odatis was universally given to the daughters of their princes and satraps."

PARALLEL PASSAGES

SELECTED FROM SHAKESPEARE AND BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Mr. Seward, in his preface to the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, says, Shakespeare's *second rate*, and our authors' *first rate beauties*, are so near upon a par, that they are scarce distinguishable. He then proceeds to give some parallels of poetick diction and sentiments, which he divides into three classes. The first, consists of passages where they 'fall short of Shakespeare; the second, of such as are not easily

discerned from him; the third, of those where Beaumont and Fletcher have the advantage.'

In The Maid's Tragedy there is a similar passage to one of Shakespeare, the comparison of which alone will be no bad scale to judge of their different excellencies. Melantius, the general, thus speaks of his friend Amintor:

His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own
If his friend need it. When he was a boy
As oft as I returned (as, without boast
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me;
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it.—He oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.

The old Belarius, in Cymbeline, is describing the in-born royalty of the two *princes* whom he had bred up as peasants in his cave.

This Paladour, (whom
The king his father called Guiderius) Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: Say thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words.—

Cymbeline, act 3, scene 3.

Much the same difference as between these two passages, occurs likewise in the following pictures of *rural melancholy*; the first, of *innocence forlorn*, the second, of *philosophick tenderness*.

I have a boy
Sent by the gods I hope to this intent,
Nor yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystick order that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story;
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun
Which still he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Exprest his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished, so that methought I could
Have studied it.— *Philaster.*

Jaques, in As You Like It, is *moralizing* upon the fate of the deer, gored by the hunters, in their native confines.

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
To day my lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much; then being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends:
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion, *&c.*

As You Like It, act 2, scene 1.

Of the second class of parallels, *i. e.* where the hand of Shakespeare is not easily discerned from Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. S. gives the following descriptions of a beautiful boy;

Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Philaster, act 2.

Alas ! what kind of grief can thy years know ?
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them : believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Twelfth Night, act 1.

The following passages are selected by Mr. Seward as an instance of superiour excellence in his authors, and where they probably built on Shakespeare's foundation At the latter end of *King John*, the king has received a burning poison ; and being asked,

How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poisoned, ill fare ! dead, forsook, cast off ;
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burnt bosom ; nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much ;
I beg cold comfort.

In the tragedy of a *Wife for a Month*, the prince *Alphonso*, who had been long in a frenzy of melancholy, is poisoned with a hot fiery potion ; under the agonies of which he thus raves :

Give me more air, more air, air, blow, blow, blow,
Open thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me ;
Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
And rivers run through my afflicted spirit.
I am all fire, fire, fire ; The raging dog-star
Reigns in my blood ; oh, which way shall I turn me ?
Ætna and all her flames burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean, or I perish.
Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the springs fly up,
The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into them,
And bathe my scorched limbs in their *purling pleasures* ;
Or shoot me into the higher region,
Where treasures of delicious snow are nourished,
And banquets of sweet hail.
Rug. Hold him fast, friar,
Oh, how he burns !
Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me ?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense ;
And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame. Stand off me or you're ashes.

* * * * * *

Mart. To bed, good Sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me ;
Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
Am I enclosed ; let me fly, let me fly, give room ;
'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion,
Lies my safe way ; oh, for a cake of ice now
To clap unto my heart to comfort me.
Decrepit Winter hang upon my shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen icicles,
Like jewels round about my head, to cool me.
My eyes burn up and sink into their sockets.
And my infected brain like brimstone boils ;

I live in hell and several furies vex me.
Oh, carry me where never sun e'er showed yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolved, where naught inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts and winds,
That cut the stubborn rocks, and make them shiver;
Set me there, friends.——

The first and last lines of the quotation from Shakespeare are to be ranged among the *faults* that so often occur in his works, which he committed to please the corrupt taste of the age he lived in, but to which Beaumont and Fletcher's learning and fortune made them superiour. The intermediate lines are extremely beautiful.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES, MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS, &c. OF THE ANCIENTS.

[*From the Monthly Magazine.*]

NOTWITHSTANDING the melancholy gloom which the ancients cast over all their ideas of death and the grave, both in their moral and poetical writings, they appear in reality to have endeavoured as much as possible to lighten those impressions, and place at a distance those dark phantoms of the imagination. Accordingly, the deep and solemn sadness attending our Gothick burials, the black shades of yews and cypresses, the dreary charnel-house and vaulted

sepulchre, the terrifick appendages of mouldering bones and winding sheets,

'The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm,'

which, from custom, form so great a part of the horrour we feel at the thoughts of death, were to them unknown. The corpse consumed by funeral fires, and the ashes inclosed in urns and deposited in the earth, presented no offensive object or idea. Besides to dissipate the sorows of the living, or perhaps with a deisre to gratify the spirit of the dead, wines were poured and flowers were scattered over the grave. These last pious offices were called Ερωτες, the grateful tributes of love and veneration. The manes of the deceased, still wandering about the place of interment, might perhaps partake of the libation or enjoy the odour: at least his memory would be honoured, and his ghost delighted.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of these ceremonies, we find repeated allusions to them in the poets. Anacreon mentions the rose as being particularly grateful:—

Τοδε και νοσησιν αρκει
Τοδε και νεκροις αμυνει. Ode 53.

The tomb of Achilles was adorned with the amaranth. Electra complains that her father's grave had never been decked with myrtle-boughs. Anacreon, in another passage, alludes still more forcibly and beautifully to the same custom:

Why do we precious ointments shower,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we shed
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live;
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave—
Let me alive my pleasures have—
All are Stoicks in the grave.

COWLEY.

We have an epigram by Leonidas exactly to the same purpose:—

Μη μυρα μη στεφανης λιθιναις σηλαισι χαριζυ.

Seek not to glad these senseless stones,
With fragrant ointments, rosy wreathes;
No warmth can reach my mouldering bones
From lustral fire that vainly breathes.

Now let me revel while I may—
The wine that o'er my tomb is shed
Mixes with earth and turns to clay—
No honours can delight the dead.

Hence we may recollect, that offerings of this nature were made with a view of gratifying the deceased; and it seems to have been a very prevailing notion among many nations besides the Greeks, that men after death retain the same

passions and appetites that distinguished them when living.

Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

In Lycophron, a mountain is placed between the tombs of two enemies, lest their manes may be offended at seeing the funeral honours paid to each other. An epigram of Bianor's contains a similar idea, attended with a circumstance of singular horrour.

Οιδιποδος παιδων Θηβη ταφος.

In Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid—
But not the tomb's all-desolating shade,
The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
Even hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres—
Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
Unhappy boys! for whom high Jove ordains
Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains.

I recollect somewhere to have met with a story of two Scandinavian heroes, who having, like these Grecian brothers, fallen by mutual wounds, were buried together, while yet living, on the field of battle, and some centuries after, (as the legend relates) were discovered still fighting with unabated rage, with the addition, I think, that one of them had gnawed his adversary's head to the skull.

Among the monumental inscriptions of the Greeks, will be found some of the best and most affecting epigrams that have come down to us; a few examples of which are offered to the reader. The following is by the poetess Erinne:

Νυμφας Βαυκιδος ειμι.

I mark the spot where Delia's ashes lie.
Whoe'er thou art that passes silent by
This simple column, graced by many a tear,
Call the fierce Monarch of the Shades severe.
These mystick ornaments too plainly show
The cruel fate of her who lies below.
With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
Th' expecting virgin to the genial bed,
Her weeping husband lit the funeral pyre,
And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.
Thou too, oh Hymen! bad'st the jocund lay
That hailed thy festive season, die away,
Changed for the sighs of wo, and groans of deep dismay.

It is worth while to observe the allusion in this epigram to another custom of the Greeks, who frequently adorned the tomb with some symbols indicative of the peculiar circumstances attending the death of the deceased.

The affecting incident of an unfortunate woman dying in a foreign land, surrounded by strangers, is preserved in the following lines of Tymnes, who has accompanied it with the ex-

cellent consolation of philosophy. Philænis was a native of Egypt, and died in Crete, at the town of Eleuthernæ.

Μη σοι τουτο Φιλαιν.

Grieve not, Philænis, though condemned to die
Far from thy parent land, and native sky,
Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle.
To all on death's last dreary journey bound
The road is equal, and alike the ground.

We are unacquainted with the author of the following epigram, the thoughts of which are affecting and beautiful. I have added to it a translation of a few lines preserved to us from the works of Antiphanes, which are very applicable to the subject we are upon, and contains one of the most cheerful grounds of consolation which religion allows us to indulge upon the death of friends :—

Πενθειν δε μετριως τυς προσηκοντας φιλυς.

When those whom love and blood endear
Lie cold upon the funeral bier,
How fruitless are our tears of woe,
How vain the grief that bids them flow!
Those friends lamented are not dead,
But gone the path we all must tread :
They only to that distant shore,
Where all must go, have gone before.

Shine but to-morrow's Sun, and we,
(Compelled by equal destiny)
To the same inn shall come where they,
To welcome our arrival, stay.

The following epigram (which in the original is addressed to one Sabinus, but by whom is uncertain), and the succeeding one by , on the death of a friend drowned at sea, are marked with a degree of sensibility which renders them worthy of observation :

Τυτο το ἡμετερον μνημηϊον εσθλε Σαβινε.

How often Lycid will I bathe with tears
This little stone which our great love endears ;
But you, remembering what to me you owe,
Drink not of Lethe in the shades below.

Ωφελε μηδ' εγενοντο θοαι νεες.

O had no venturous keel defied the deep,
Then had not Lycid floated on the brine.
For him, the youth beloved, we pausing weep,
A name lamented, and an empty shrine.

The truth is, that in their thoughts and reflections on death, mankind have ever had in view some idea of a consciousness that remains and lingers round the 'pleasing, anxious' solicitudes and scenes of life. They have ever imagined to themselves a spirit after death, that busied itself in protecting the fame and character of their lives, that was yet alive to slights and hon-

ours paid to the grosser and earthy parts. And the delicate Tibullus suffers himself to be so far led away by these ideas, that he has prescribed the very mode of burial, and named the very persons whom he wishes to appear as mourners over his funeral. The whole elegy is full of tenderness : I venture to translanslate it.

From Tibullus, Book 3, Elegy 2.

Cruel the man that laboured to divide
The youth and maid by tender love allied ;
And hard was he who could the theft forgive,
Bear with his sorrow, and endure to live.
Absence from her in vain I try to brave :
I yield, and grief consigns me to the grave.
And when a slender shade I shall aspire
From mouldering embers and the funeral pyre,
May sad Neræa to my pile repair
With tears, (how precious !) and unbraided hair,
Mixed with a mother's sighs her sorrow pour,
And one a husband, one a child deplore.
With words of fond regret and broken sigh,
Please the poor shade that hovering lingers nigh,
With pious rites my cherished bones adorn,
The last sad remnant of the youth they mourn.
Nor grudge my thirsting ashes to enshrine
With purest milk bedewed, and purple wine,
And dry the shower by fond affection shed,
Or ere they place them in their marble bed.
In that sad house, may every fragrance stored

That warm Assyria's perfumed meads afford,
And grief from Memory's tearful fount that flows
Sooth my charmed spirit, and my bones compose.
But on my tomb, beside the publick way,
May some memorial to the stranger say,
"Here Albius sleeps; a prey to grief he fell,
"Deserted by the maid he loved too well."

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

EXTRACT FROM THE PLAY OF "ADRIAN AND ORRILA."

[The scene lies at the Castle of *Count Rosenheim*, in Saxony, whose daughter *Orrila* had been bred up during his absence at the court of Dresden: *Adrian*, the supposed son of *Madame Clermont*, during his childhood, being frequently invited to Rosenheim Castle, as he advanced to manhood became deeply enamoured of *Orrila*. *Prince Altenburg*, the patron and friend of *Count Rosenheim*, proposes for the hand of *Orrila*, and arrives with the *Count* at his Castle, to celebrate his nuptials. His arrival baffles the hopes of the young Lovers. *Madame Clermont*, terrified at the *Prince's* presence, prevails on *Adrian* to quit the territories of Saxony; and the *Count*, suspecting the real state of his daughter's affections, forbids *Adrian's* presence at the Castle. *Lothaire* (page to *Altenburg*) contrives a meeting between the young lovers at the house of his sister *Minna*; and while *Adrian* is on his way

to *Minna's* cottage, he accidentally preserves the life of *Altenburg*, and refuses to tell who he is. The *Prince* receives intimation from *Lothaire*, and waits upon *Madame Clermont* to thank her for his deliverance, but is disdainfully received. During this, a meeting having taken place between the lovers, *Orrila* consents to elope with *Adrian*. They are intercepted in their flight, and brought back to the Castle. *Madame Clermont*, hearing of the situation of *Adrian* (whose life is become forfeited by the laws of Saxony, for endeavouring to run away with the heir of a noble family) hastens to the Castle, gets admission to the *Count's* presence, and in vain pleads for her son. Hearing the voice of *Altenburg*, she hides her face with her veil. The *Prince* enters, leading in *Adrian* (his deliverer), whose pardon he obtains. *Madame Clermont* kneels to the *Prince*, unveils, and discovers to be *Matilda Carlestein*, whom the *Prince* had seduced; and in the relation which she gives of the occurrences of her life, *Adrian* is discovered to be the legitimate son of *Altenburg*, by which all difficulties in his marriage with *Orrila* are removed, the *Count* consents to their union, and the *Prince* receives *Matilda* as his wife.]

ACT V.—Scene 2.

Enter Anslem, followed by Madame Clermont.

Ans. (gruffly) I tell you again, Mistress, that you ask in vain—my lord will admit no visitors.

Mad. Alas! mine is no idle call of ceremony—'tis a heart-broken mother, imploring mercy for her child.—Surely, good man, you know my face?

Ans. Aye, I know it well enough—and I know your son's too—a plague on the family

face, say I—it has wrought nothing but mischief since it was shown in our valley—but once for all, my master will not see you.

Mad. Nay, but deliver my humble message to him, and his purpose may relent: behold my anguish, and do so much for charity!

Ans Charity begins at home; and I do'nt see why I should thrust myself into the way of trouble, only for the chance of a stranger's thanks.

Mad I am not rich; yet I can reward a friendly service. Look, good man, this purse—this crosslet too—all shall be yours, if you admit me to the count.

Ans. Umph! I have naturally a wish to oblige, but 'tis as much as my place is worth to serve you: my lord is in a parlous fury, and has given strict orders not to be disturbed; however, I've a tender heart; and, as you say, out of charity one ought to—but is that locket made of real jewels?

Mad. In truth it is—O! do not torture me.

Ans. Well, well! I don't doubt your word—but if I *do* serve you, 'tis out of charity, more than the lucre of gain. I hope you understand that rightly. Wait here in the anti-chamber, and I'll try what can be done. [*Exit.*

Mad. Wretched Matilda! when will the chastisement of my offences cease? Will not Heaven accept of penitence, without atonement? Must man be taught to curse, ere God will pardon me? If so, I must indeed despair; for never can the dark confession pass these lips:

shame fixes there an everlasting seal, and in the grave my secret must be buried with me! Yet, O! the innocent one, the object of my fondest love, is doomed to suffer for my sake. Haply, even now, from his dungeon's depth my darling Adrian calls upon my name, and invokes me to preserve him. Inhuman! I hear him, yet can mock his prayer. Soon he may be dragged to an ignominious death; and as he passes to the scaffold, in agony of spirit he may point to me, and cry, 'Behold the unnatural mother, who could have saved her son, yet would not!'

Re-enter Anslem.

Ans. I thought what answer I should bear you back; my lord commands you to leave the castle, and trouble him no further.

Mad. (fiercely) I will not obey his mandate: I come here to claim a son, and without him I never will go hence:—this proud imperious lord *shall* see me; or, like a plague, I'll hang upon his threshold, and pierce his ear with everlasting cries!

Ans. Nay, but I must tell you——

Mad Away! and let me pass! *(she casts her purse at his feet)* there is your hire—stoop! and be absolved by gold for all neglects!

[*Passes him, and exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Saloon—Rosenheim discovered, seated at a table—Githa standing by him, crying.*

Ros. How dare you, old woman, to disobey my orders? I commanded you to quit my pres-

ence half an hour ago—Must I still endure your senseless jargon?

Gith. Ah! my lord—be not so harsh with your poor old servant—Indeed I cannot quit you, without a word of comfort to carry lady Orrila!

Ros. Carry her my curse—no—not my curse; but tell her I never will forgive her.

Gith. Ah! such a message would break her poor heart at once. If your lordship could only see her, just as I left her in her chamber, fixed like a statue, her hands folded on her knees—her cheeks so deadly pale, and her fine dark eyes turned upward towards heaven, all streaming with—Ah! sure it is a sight that would melt a heart of stone!

Ros. I am glad she suffers—to know that she is miserable rejoices me—if she was to weep till the Elbe overflowed with her tears, she could not wash out the stain she has fixed upon her family. *(A person knocks softly at the door)* How now! who knocks there?

Anslem appears.

Ans. Please you, my lord——

Ros. No, Sirrah! it displeases—disobedience, like an Egyptian plague, taints all my house, and leaves no wholesome creature within its walls.—'Twas my positive order no person should intrude.

Ans. In sooth, my lord, I'm not in fault—that woman is so obstinate, there's no way to rule her.

Ros. Eh! has'nt she left the castle yet?

Ans. No, my lord; nay more, she insists upon admittance to your lordship, and declares you *shall* see her.

Ros. How! vastly well! we shall find a way to settle with this positive personage: she *insists* truly! very right; let her enter, then: she has chosen a lucky moment; I'm in a delightful temper to receive her!—yes, show the lady hither directly. Old woman, begone! *(Githa appears about to entreat again.)* Once more, begone, I say. *(He stamps furiously with his foot, and Githa retires, terrified at his rage; the Count then draws his chair forward, and seats himself with an air of excessive irritation.)* Now, then, for this determined lady; no doubt 'twas she who tutored her hopeful son for this exploit:—well, well, her visit shall meet a due reception.

Enter Madame.

(She advances with an unsteady step, and bends with humility before the Count, who regards her sternly, and does not return her salutation.)

Ros. Well, Madam, your high and mighty pleasure is complied with;—you *do* see me, and now for the business:—what have you to say?

Mad. One word.—*Mercy.*

Ros. I expunged that word from my dictionary, when a villain's hand blotted the page where *honour* was inscribed.

Mad. Count Rosenheim, you are a parent.

Ros. Aye, madam, a wretched one—your son

has rendered me such—I thank you for the recollection.

Mad. Is there then no hope? Are you resolved on his destruction?

Ros. Not so; I never take upon myself to decide the fate of any individual, whatever be my provocation; my cause shall be submitted to the excellent laws of my country—which never fail to redress the injured, or to protect an honest subject against the aggressions of the profligate and uuprincipled!

Mad. But those laws are terrible.

Ros. Only to the vicious: innocence regards them undismayed: but, in a word, madam, be this my fixed answer to all expostulation;—your son shall receive *justice*, and only justice; if the injured man demands no more, how shall he who commits the wrong expect indulgence!

Mad Oh! heavens! do not send me from you thus!

Ros. 'Sdeath, woman! I did hope to have kept my temper with you: but you provoke me now beyond all patience.—How have you the effrontery to come into my presence upon such an errand; after you and your son have plotted against me, the basest injury a man of rank could suffer;—to steal away my heiress;—to pollute the stock of nobility with plebeian blood;—and to prop your own bankrupt fortunes with dishonest spoils;—to—

Mad. Hold! my lord—nor wantonly trample on a wretch whom affliction has already

beaten to the ground! tho' I lose happiness, let me retain honour: by every sacred name, I swear, even in remotest thought, I was not privy to your daughter's flight; and had I known her fatal purpose, would have perished rather than deserved your harsh reproach.

Ros. (somewhat softened) Well, madam, if such really be the case, (and you have protested it with solemnity) I am sorry for your misfortune: I can readily believe that unworthy children may spring from honourable parents; and if I have accused you undeservedly, I sincerely request your pardon.

Mad. Ah! that your forgiveness could be won half so easy as mine is granted! but you have a generous, noble nature—and, by all its godlike attributes, I implore you to have compassion on a desolate, distracted woman! *(She casts herself on her knees before him.)* Release my boy! restore him to these widowed arms—and to the globe's remotest corner will we fly, never, even by our name, to wound your peace again.

Ros. 'Tis in vain—I am deaf to all entreaty.

Mad. (catching his arm with convulsive fervour) Count! A soul now kneels to you for salvation! If Adrian suffers, I shall be his murderess, and his innocent blood will fall on my head, and sink me to perdition!

Ros. Away! away! you rave!

Mad. No—I am not yet mad, though soon I may be driven so—you cannot, dare not—destroy my Adrian—he is—

Ros. What?

Mad. (shuddering in agony) There is a dreadful secret—may I confide in you?—Will you swear not to betray my trust?

Ros. (surprised) I am a man of honour.

Mad. (looking suspiciously around and speaking low.) Aye! but swear never to breathe in mortal ear the lightest hint of my confession—swear it, Count! solemnly swear it! *(She grasps his hand between her's, and rivets her eye on his with terrifying wildness—the Count appears astonished and irresolute—while he hesitates, the voice of Altenburg sounds without.)*

Alt. (without.) I must see the Count directly.

Mad. (releasing her hold, and starting up with the look and accent of despair)—'Tis now too late, and I am dumb forever! *(she draws her veil quickly over her face.)*

Enter Altenburg.

Alt. Count! I come to make a trial of your friendship—'tis now in your power to oblige me eternally.

Ros. My friend! you should command, rather than request. I am your debtor in kindness for more than I can ever pay.

Alt. Grant me one favour and you discharge the obligation nobly. Say I have your promise.

Ros. Irrevocably.

Alt. Enough—I take you at your word—*(passes to Madame, and takes her hand with eagerness.)* Woman of affliction, cease to weep—the vial of wrath is drained, and the chastising an-

gel smites no more ! *(He returns to the door, and throwing it open, introduces Adrian.)* Behold the boon I claim—'tis the restoration of an only son to the arms of a widowed mother ! *(Adrian rushes forward, Madame shrieks faintly, and drops lifeless into his arms.)*

Ros. Prince ! what does this mean ?

Alt. Strictly justice—life for life—This youth preserved mine ; and now, through your consent, I redeem his from equal peril.

Ros. Prince ! Prince ! my honour will remain forever wounded, if that youth escapes.

Alt. And mine would be slain outright, was he condemned to suffer.—Altenburg has broken his chains, will Rosenheim's be the hand to rivet them again ?

Adr Look up, my mother !—'tis Adrian calls, will you not bless him with a word ? *(Madame, without answering, feebly disengages herself from Adrian's embrace—totters toward Altenburg—sinks on her knees, and, sobbing audiby, takes his hand and kisses it.*

Alt. No thanks, dear lady ! but if you were once my enemy, only say I have atoned to you and that I am now forgiven.

Mad. All *is* forgiven !—All *shall* be atoned ! *(She draws aside the veil and gazes upon him, pale and trembling.)*

Alt. Why do you fasten thus your eyes upon me ?—Gracious Heaven ; What dreadful charm is in your looks ?—those eyes ! they pierce my soul—never but once I gazed on such

before—terrible illusion!—Speak but a word—*one* word!

Mad. Matilda! *(her eyes close and she falls prostrate at his feet.)*

Alt. Almighty powers! 'tis she—the wronged, betrayed, and still adored Matilda!—O! let me catch you from the ground, and clasp you ever in these trembling arms! Matilda! look upon me! receive my penitence, and bless me with your pardon!

Mad. Away! such bliss must ne'er be mine! *(struggling to force him from her.)* Nay, hold me not—You know not what you do—You press to your bosom a serpent that would have stung your noble heart to death!

Alt. Oh! do not shun me!—Fancy luxuriates, and I grow wild with hopes!—Matilda!—Adrian!—Mother!—Son!—Oh God! is he *that* son!—dare I to call him *ours?*

Mad. (with bitterness.) Ours! would Altenburg then acknowledge Matilda Carlestein's nameless boy?

Alt. Rack me not with doubts so cruel!—bless me with a word, and say that I am still a parent:—but wherefore do I ask?—Nature irresistibly declares I am.—Adrian! my eager arms and throbbing heart expand together to invite a son. *(He rushes forward to embrace Adrian.)*

Mad. (interposing) Hold! Altenburg! forbear!—Adrian is *not* my son!

Adr. Great Heaven! not your son!—Oh! mother, do not drive me mad.

Alt. She would deceive us both ; but the heart is confident and cannot err.

Mad. Again I charge you hold !—By the eternal majesty of Truth ! here, in the face of Man and Heaven, I swear it ! Adrian is *not* my son !

Adr. What then am I ? how must I regard you ?

Mad. As a fiend to be abhorred forever.

Adr. No, no ; Adrian blesses you !

Mad. Soon will you learn to curse me—you will—you must—but I care not—my brain burns—yet all shall be confessed.

Alt. Matilda ! a child once blessed our love, —say, in pity say, where is *that* child now ?

Mad. Dead ! Prince ! dead ! dead !—dust in the grave !—Hear me !—Twenty years since, sorrowing and blushing with my wrongs, I left the gaudy mansion of my shame, and sought in distant shades an humble refuge with my child ; desolate as I was, when I pressed my baby to my heart, I still felt comforted—a brief, illusive calm soothed my worn spirit, and I began to dream of peace—when suddenly a malignant fever seized upon my blooming infant—for three wretched days and nights I watched by its bed incessantly, and Heaven knows how fervent were my prayers ! But watch and prayer were vain, and the Angel of Death tore from my weak arms the only solace I retained on earth. —Even *now* I shake with the terrours of that hour. It was *your* child, Altenburg !—and,

had you seen his soft blue eyes, for ever closing, I think you would have pitied its wretched mother!

Alt. Oh God! how tenderly—how truly.—

Mad. Soft, let me proceed—a direful dreary blank succeeded—my wits wandered, and for many months I became an helpless lunatick—Suddenly recollection visited me again—'twas at the dead hour of night—I had escaped from the kind peasants who tended me, and was sitting in the church-yard where my babe lay buried;—as from a dream, the senses seemed to start and wake—no human shape or sound was near—but the cold breeze of midnight played freshly on my temples, and I heard the fallen leaf rustle as it past me—I felt I was alone, and slowly I gazed around—the moon, at its cloudless zenith, and the silent march of the stars were above me; and at my feet a new-made grave, which my unconscious hand had been strewing o'er with flowers.—I looked, and I knew it for my baby's—I could not weep—fire had dried up the source of tears—but a new spirit, fierce and fiend-like, rose within my breast—I kneeled down amidst the moon-light dews, and calling on my infant's injured shade, pronounced a dreadful oath of vengeance—'twas on the father of my child I swore to be avenged

Alt. Unhappy woman, how could you purpose—

Mad. Yet a moment! both day and night I

travelled on my wild design—at last the towers of Altenburg rose proudly on my sight—a thick bower concealed me, and I watched the spot, unsettled in my aim but fixed upon revenge! the castle gates unfolded—and a child, lovely as Cherubim, came tripping o'er the lawn, plucking the flowers and weaving them in playful wreaths. He approached the ambush where I stood concealed---I gazed upon his features and I knew their stamp---'twas your son, Altenburg, your *legitimate* son, whom I beheld; '*Revenge*,' I cried---and as the fearless infant gambolled near the bower, sudden and unseen I snatched him in my arms---the turbid waters of the Elbe flowed near---swift to the river's brink I flew, and bore my victim with me.

Alt. Inhuman murderess! Then by *you* my gentle lamb was sacrificed---*your* hands plunged my infant in the roaring flood!

Mad. No!---heaven spared me from a deed so damned! I cast his hat and mantle on the wave, but held the infant closely nestled to my heart---my cruel fraud succeeded---the clothes were found---their wearer's death believed---and unpursued I bore the heir of Altenburg to distant realms---hither, to the mountains of Saxony I fled---and here, in peasants' weeds, I hid a prince's form, and reared the fruit of noble veins in vileness as my own---my race of crime is at last run!---Adrian, *I* lose my child forever, but *you* in *Altenburg* regain a *Father*.---*(Altenburg and Adrian, who have hung upon the sentence in breathless*

impatience, now rush towards each other.) Aye! fly to each other's arms, and kill me with the sight of bliss I never must partake; but I do not murmur—no, may you be blessed for ever, whilst I eternally am curst!---*(Her corporal and mental powers appear to yield together, and she is sinking, when Rosenheim catches and sustains her.)*

Ros. (vehemently) No, lady! no! that man must have the heart of a wild beast, who could curse a poor repentant sinner, that, stricken to the earth, implores for mercy!

Adr. (flying to her) Mother, dearest Mother!

Mad. (feebly raising her head) Ah! *that* name, Adrian——

Adr. (impetuously) is *your* son—you are still his parent, or Adrian is still an orphan!

Alt. Matilda, our offences have been mutual ---let our expiation be the same; one son is lost to us, yet another still is ours.

Mad. Ours? O! Altenburg!—

Alt. Let Adrian be *your* son---let Matilda be my wife!

Adr Blessings on my father!

Mad. Adrian, lead me---let me kneel---

Alt. No---*here*, next a husband's heart, be folded, and absolved forever!---*(Rosenheim and Adrian support Matilda:---Altenburg meets her with extended arms, and they sink on their knees as they embrace.——The folding doors, at the back of the scene, open, and Orrila appears, leaning on Githa and Lothaire.)*

Loth. Look up, sweet lady! nay, never droop.

Gith. Ah! I said your courage would fail, when put to't; but you would persist.

Ros. (turning suddenly) How now! whom do I see? Oh! thou undutiful disobedient---

Orr. Ah! Sir, spare your rebuke; your frown alone has too much terrour for your child ---humbly I come-----

Ros. I know it---you come to whine and whimper, and wheedle a fond father to forgive you; but you are too late, for I resolved upon your punishment just eight seconds ago; look up in my face and tell me if you do not read their rigorous sentence?

Orr. (timidly raises her eyes; Rosenheim smiles) Sir! father!

Ros. Come hither, girl; give me your hand: but no, I'll take it by proxy, and you, young man, shall be my representative. *(to Adrian.)*

Orr. Ah! dare I to believe——

Ros. Any thing: but, that your father can be inconsistent; you must not dare to believe that; for I never in my life rescinded a resolution I once had formed; I always said that Altenburg should be your husband, and 'tis now, only to an Altenburg I resign you.

Adr. My Orrila! I read your marvel in your eyes---but soft you for a while, and these strange seeming chances shall clearly be avouched for truths.

Orr. I know not to believe, yet will not doubt ---O! If I dream, never let me wake from such

delightful visions, but die of the sweet phantasy, and only find out the deceit in paradise!

Gith. What! does your lordship forgive my young lady?---please the saints then, I'll dance a gavot at the wedding!

Loth When pardon touches all, must I alone despair of mercy?---does my dear master banish me, never to hope recal?

Alt. From me your fortunes are indeed divorced, but I will marry them to a kinder service, whence no fickle wish may chance to stray ---Kneel to the fair Orrila! for henceforth there your duties must be bound.---Now, my Matilda, let our pilgrim loves, that have fulfilled the penance of their youthful fault, rest at the happy shrine, and meet succeeding pleasures, doubly relished by needful memory of disasters past!

Mad. Wondering---trembling---touched with pious awe---I muse---am conscious---and adore! But now I stood upon creation's verge, a lonely hermit atom---living, yet unallied to kindred life---lo! even as a moment---husband---offspring---friends---with all the heaven-born, social charities, endear existence and invite me to a HOME!

Thus, when fierce winds the midnight deep deform,
And shrieks on high the spirit of the storm;
The shivering mariner, aghast with fear,
Clings to the mast, and thinks his doomsday near;
Sudden—the dark dread danger clears away,
Clouds blush with light, warm strikes the new-born day.

In murmuring melody the waves subside,
And breeding Halcyons nestle o'er the tide;
Through Heaven's blue vast swift-kindling glories run,
And waking worlds adore the golden sun!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ANALECTA....No. IX.

"Undique collatis membris."

MILTON.

It is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when Milton pursued his studies at Cambridge, he was extremely beautiful. Wandering one day during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the university, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly after fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with a trembling hand into

his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey.

Some of his companions, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly favoured party in it was the illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and with surprise read the following verses from Guarini.

Occhi, stelle mortale,
Ministri de miei mali,
Se chiuse m' accidente,
Appaien desarere.*

Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair incognita, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetick fervour became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and it is, in some degree, to her, that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity, must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the Paradise Lost.

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* Ye eyes, ye human stars, ye authors of my loveliest pang! if thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?

TOBACCO.

THE Marrow of Compliments (Lond. 1654) contains the following song in praise of tobacco :—

Much meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat as swine ;
But he's a frugal man indeed
That with a leaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger's ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a pipe.

INOCULATION OF THE SMALL-POX.

THE following account will serve to show the slow progress of small-pox inoculation, from the first trial of it.—The infant son of Lady Mary Wortley Montague was the first child of English parents inoculated for the small-pox. Lady Mary's letter, dated from Belgrade, March 23, 1718, has these words, "the boy was *engrafted* last Tuesday." The experiment of inoculation was tried on five persons under sentence of death, in the year 1721. Of this number four received the infection, which did not appear on the fifth. This fifth person was a woman, who confessed that she received it when a child, but concealed the truth in hopes of saving her life ; which was the condition made known to the whole number for undergoing the operation. The trial was made under

the inspection of the College of Physicians, and the operation performed by Mr. Maitland, surgeon to to the embassy to Constantinople. In the "Weekly Journal, or Saturday's Post," of 21st. April, 1722, is the following article of intelligence under the head of London News :— "In a few days the small-pox is to be inoculated on their Highnesses the Princesses Amelia and Carolina, by Mr. Maitland, the Princess Ann having had them already."

BEARDS.

SHAVING the beards according to Ross, ("View of all Religions"), came in with the doctrine of transubstantiation, first taught by Peter Lombard, in the year 1160. Innocent, the Third, established it with the monks at the Council of Lateran, anno 1200. This Pope took the cup from the laity, and forbade the priests to marry. The reason which weighed with the Council for the injunction of shaving beadrs was, lest in receiving the sacrament the beard might touch the bread and wine, or crumbs and drops fall upon it and stick there. But shaving of beards does not seem to have been generally received amongst the clergy, for it appears that in France, king Francis I. (from 1515 to 1547) made the churchmen pay a large sum for wearing their beards. Beards were worn by the Christian priests, in opposition to the Heathen priests, who shaved theirs, as did those in Egypt.

DR. BENTLEY.

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bently, on the subject of the Epistles of Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun: They exhibited in a print Phalaris's guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the Doctor's mouth, 'I had much rather be roasted than *boyl'd!*

In the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, among innumerable others, is the following epitaph on a monument for Richard Humble, his wife, and two children:

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers; the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades; the evening hasteth;
The sun sets; the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes; and man he dies.

PILGRIMAGE

The form of consecrating a person for a pilgrimage, in what are called the middle ages, was as follows:—The pilgrim elect, after confession, lay prostrate at the altar, while an ap-

propriate mass was performed. After this he arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff. The former of these he next sprinkled with holy water, and hung around the pilgrim's neck, accompanying the ceremony with certain prayers: the like was also done with his staff. The whole concluded with the mass *de iter gentibus*. To pilgrims going to the Holy Land a garment was delivered, marked with a cross, both cross and garment having been previously consecrated.

SELECT SENTENCES.

'I CANNOT endure,' said Madame de Sevigne, to hear people say—I am too old to amend; I could rather bear this language from a young person. Youth is so amiable that it must be adored, were the qualities of the mind as perfect as the graces of the body. But when we are no longer young, we ought to endeavour to cultivate and improve our intellectual faculties, that we may regain in useful qualifications what we have lost with respect to those which are agreeable.'

THE authority of fashion is so singularly absolute, that it forces us to be ridiculous under pain of appearing so.

VICE seems to be the history of man, and virtue only his romance.

POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

LOVE.—To J. L.

THERE grows a flower within the heart,
Most beautifully fair ;
Its fibres shoot through every part,
And live forever there.

'Twas planted by sweet Beauty's hand,
And nursed by Friendship's power,
Affection's breath the nursling fanned,
And spread the beauteous flower.

Hope, the mild cherub, lent her aid,
To decorate its form,
And by her care its blooms, arrayed
In colours glowing, warm

Its influence is without control,
(Vainly you strive to fly)
It witches sense and lulls the soul
In thrilling extasy.

Wouldst thou possess this flower so fair,
Its dear delights to prove !
O of its killing sweets beware,
As you'd beware of LOVE. BION.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

SONG.

WHERE gently flows the winding Dee,
And wets its banks so fresh and green,
O there's a lonely seat for me,
For crazy Ruth of Aberdeen.

I'l sit and watch the trembling ray,
Pale Cynthia beams, so loved by me,
I'll see it on the cold waves play,
Or sleep upon the banks of Dee.

And then I'll laugh to see how soon
The fleeting shadow fades away,
For it resembles life's bright noon,
And vanishes like life's short day. S.

Taunton.

MR. EDITOR,---*If you esteem the following Imitation of 'Ancient Balladry' worth preserving, you are at liberty to insert it in the Polyanthos.*

To ———.

GOD speed thy charms, my ladye faire,
God speed thy charms so bright,
And eke, anon, those charms to share,
God send some courteous knight.

God send the mickle bliss below,
Nor fleeting, weak, and vain;

Then for eternity, I trow,
He'll take thee home agen.

Nor will he, as by others thou
Hast done, do unto thee;
He will not break thy heart, I trow,
Yet just he still shall be.

For many a simple wight, I ween,
Has sighed in misery;
And broken for thee have many hearts been,
Full many a breaking be. F. W.

THE WRATH OF VENUS.

Addressed to a Lady who had recovered from the Small-Pox, without injury to her beauty.

As Love on Venus' bosom lay,
He saw the wife of Fleury stray,
And charmed he flew to meet the dame,
And called her by a mother's name.
Neglected Venus strove in vain
The little rover to restrain;
For Cupid, pressing to the fair,
Lurked in the tangles of her hair.
No more the Queen of Cyprus smiled,
But wept, deserted by her child,
Till awful vengeance she demands—
Rage fills her breast, and arms her hands.
The earthly goddess she assails,
And furious tears with pointed nails

The roseate face, and heavenly breast
Where Love delighted lay at rest;
And left her rival to deplore
Her ivory forehead spotted o'er,
And drooping, as the floweret pale
Shrinks from the wind and beating hail.
Now shuddering Love began to mourn
By cruel hands her beauty torn—
Each soft persuasion he applies,
And words of sweetest promise tries,
And charms of healing power he chose
To smooth the skin, revive the rose,
And called his brother Loves to grace
With heavenly aid a mortal face.
To beauty and to health restored
By Cupid's art, she charms her lord,
And soon a blooming infant smiled,
Like Cytherea's darling child.

PATIENCE: A TALE.

'Twas at some country place, a parson preaching,
The virtue of long sufferance was teaching,
And so pathetically did exhort
His listening congregation, and, in short,
Discoursed so much of Job, and how he bore
With such exceeding pleasantry his woes,
Faith, 'twas enough to make a man suppose
Job wished for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that, since 'tis plain
How needlessly we grieve at pain,
How would it be if man
Pursued a different plan,
And were to laugh, and treat the matter lightly;
And not, when tortured with the gout,
To make wry faces, roar and shout,
But look agreeable and sprightly.

'And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,'
Exclaimed the parson's wife,
As after church they sat
In harmless chat,
'That 'tis in human nature to endure
The sad extremity of woe,
You say that Job did undergo?
'Tis more than I could do, I'm sure.'

'My dear,' quoth he, 'this diffidence
Shows, let me tell you, great good sense,
A talent in your sex we seldom see;
And doubtless the remark is true,
As far as it extends to you,
But not, I think, to me.

No woman, since the world began,
Could bear misfortunes like a *man*;
And, in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
And that without much vanity,
I do conceive that I myself have shown
That patience, and that strength of mind,

Were not entirely confined
To Job alone.'

Thus said the modest priest, and would have said much more,
But for the sudden opening of the door,
When, out of breath, in stumps
His clownish servant, Numps,
With mouth wide open, on the parson gazing,
Just like the wight,
Who drew old Priam's curtain in the night,
To tell him Troy was blazing.

'Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look so pale?
Has any thing gone wrong?"—Quoth Numps,
'The ale—'
'What!' cries the priest, 'the ale gone sour?"
(And then his face began to lower;)
'Turned sour! No, master, no!" replied the fellow.
'But just now, as I went, d'ye see,
To tilt the cask—away rolled he,
And all the liquor 's spilt about the cellar.'

The truth was, Numps a cask of ale had staved—
Now pr'ythee tell me how the priest behaved—
Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?
Or, like that silly fellow, Job,
Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?
Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?

As thus,—in voice of pious resignation
He to his man addressed this *mild* oration.

'May God confound thee, thou damn'd stupid bear,
(The best of priests, you know, will sometimes swear)
What, you must meddle, must ye,
With the barrell, and be curst t'ye, ?
I wish thy paws were in the fire—'Od rot 'em—
Get thee down stairs this instant, wretch,
Or, by the living God, I'll kick thy breech
From top to bottom.'

'Nay, now, my dearest,' cried the dame,
'Is this your patience ?—Fie for shame!
I beg you'll recollect your text:
Job was not half so vext
When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail.'—
'Damn all his sons and daughters, if you choose,
Answer me this, I say, did Job e'er lose
A barrel of such ale ?'

DR. ALDRICH'S *Five Reasons for Drinking.*

GOOD wine,—a friend,—or, being dry,—
Or, lest we should be by and by,—
Or, any other reason why.

THE DRAMA.

To the Editor of the Polyanthos.

Providence, July 19, 1807.

Our Theatre here opened on the 15 ult. under the management of Mr. Bates. The company is very respectable ; equal, if not superiour, to any of last winter's establishments, and consists of Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Darley, Mr. and Mrs. Downie, Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Harper, Mr. Sanford, Mr. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. Usher, Mr. West, and Mr. and Mrs Young. Harper, our old manager, has gone to London on a visit.

The company, I believe, are doing very well. They have played *Lodoiska* three times, in a style superiour to any thing I have seen in America, so far as respects scenery. Mr. West the artist, is very clever, especially for *effect* and *dispatch*. He has painted four new scenes for *Lodoiska*, on paper ; the last of which, burning the castle, is admirably executed.

The company are now getting ready for *Cinderella*, which is to be brought forward very soon.

Master *Loring* has been here from Boston, and played *crook-backed Richard* one night. The novelty, however, attracted very little attention. The receipts of the house, I presume, did not much exceed *fifty dollars*.

Yours, &c. D.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

THE proprietors of the Museum, to render the attraction of visitors still stronger, propose giving concerts of vocal and instrumental musick, occasionally, through the summer season. The vocal performers are, Messrs. Fox and Vining, Mrs. Graupner and the Misses Graupners; the whole under the direction of Mr. Graupner.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

AMONG the various attempts to attract popular attention, by publick exhibitions, Mr. Fennell's *Readings and Recitations* undoubtedly claim the highest rank.—This species of exhibition, though hitherto but little attended to in this town, is becoming fashionable. It is of a dignified and moral nature; and the pieces Mr. Fennell selects for recitation, while they amuse the fancy, inform the understanding. It cannot be obnoxious to the reproof of the coldest moralist or the most fastidious devotee. We rejoice to see his subscription honoured with the most respectable names, among which are many of the clergy and gentlemen of the law.

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